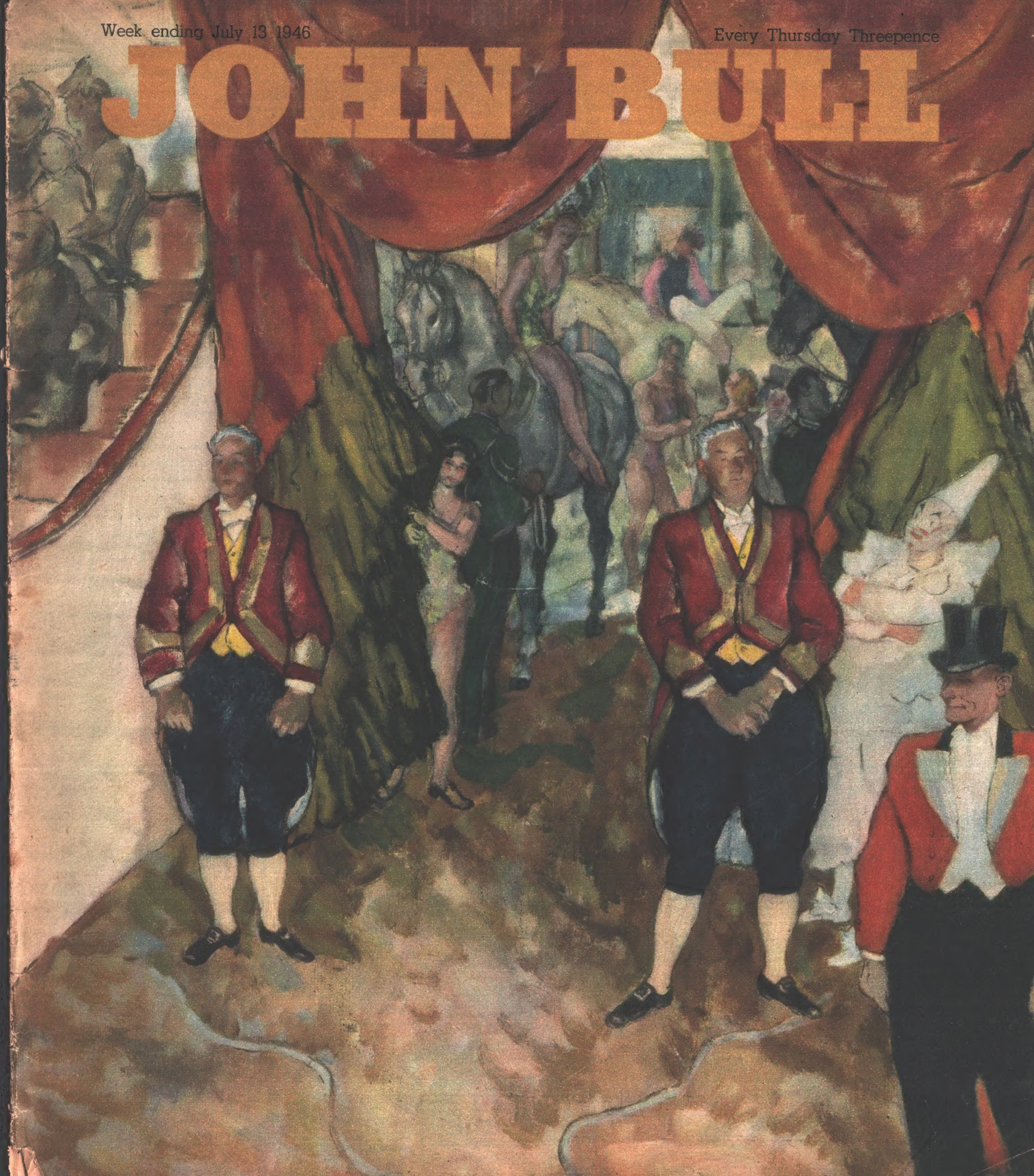
Week ending July 13 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

SWAN WITH TWO NECKS

THE origins of inn-names, like the sign boards themselves, are frequently obscured by time. Thus the "two necks" is likely to be a corruption of the "two nicks" which were cut on the swan's beak to denote that it belonged to the Vintners, and not to the King. This sign, which can be seen outside inns all over the country, is still to-day the crest of the Worshipful Company of Vintners. How faithfully the customs of bygone days are reflected in the tradition of the English inn. So will the days in which we live be mirrored on the sign boards of new inns in the new communities now being planned.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

MARS CONFECTIONS LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Housewives are fastidious about this room

Why do five out of ten women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose? (In America, this figure is even higher.) The answer is that it cleans and disinfects the *whole* pan. Harpic not only whitens and deodorizes the bowl (the part you can *see*) but also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic leaves the whole pan sweet, clean and sanitary.

Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time.) Then flush. That's all!

HARPIC

THE SPECIAL LAVATORY CLEANSER

Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

It's going to be such grand fun watching him grow up. His first tottering footsteps; his shy, early days at school; his blossoming forth as a sturdy schoolboy; his games of cricket and football; his hobbies and interests; his summer holidays.

It's well worth going on with your Savings. Don't squander them. Keep on buying National Savings Certificates. His future's worth it, isn't it?

Buy and hold **NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

EVERY £1 INVESTED WILL HELP TOWARDS THE NATIONAL TARGET OF £520 MILLIONS

CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS

'How right you'll be to choose

BUSH RADIO'

Supplies are limited but ASK YOUR BUSH DEALER

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4. *royds 454*

They do say...

that *all* good children will soon be able to have some Batger's Silmos Lollies again—the good sweets that were zoned to the South.

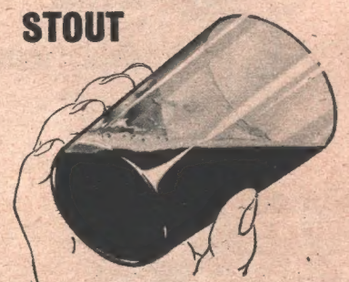
BATGER'S *Silmos Lollies*

FRUIT DROPS AT THEIR BEST

Try

MACKESON'S

STOUT



You'll like it better!

BRITAINS MOST FAMOUS MIXTURE

2/3 PER OZ

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR PROPAGANDA I PREFER MY

AFRIKANDER

LUXURY

Cuticura Talcum Powder makes a delightfully cooling and refreshing finish to your bath, even on the hottest day. Keeps the skin as soft as silk—and ends perspiration worries. Use Cuticura Soap and complete the luxury!

280

Cuticura TALCUM

Whether a sunny day means an afternoon's gardening with Master or a laze on the lawn while Mistress mends socks, Tilly loves it. For her master knows that 'one Bob Martin's once a day' guards against warm-weather blood disorders—scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite. It keeps a dog fit and friendly on the hottest day. In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powder Tablets **keep dogs fit**

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH—

so the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

There's a quota of

L'Onglex

LIQUID NAIL POLISH NOW . . .

★ L'Onglex *liquid* nail polish is back in the shops again—on a limited quota. There will, however, be more liquid L'Onglex later on, as raw materials become more freely available.

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

We *don't* keep Nescafé up our sleeve. It's just that supplies can't keep pace with ever-growing demand. But it may be *your* turn soon. And then, a spoonful in the cup, near-boiling water, and hey presto! A quick cup of fragrant full-flavoured coffee. No bother to make, no bothersome grounds. Just enjoyment of a *good* cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

17

NO HAT TRICK THIS

Be careful with that basket, dear. I've got some Sylvan Flakes in there."

"*Sylvan! I told you that new hat would bring you luck. Fancy getting Sylvan.*"

"What's strange in that? I've been getting Sylvan for months now."

"*And you never told me.*"

"My dear, it's only a matter of asking specially for Sylvan. You can always recognise them by their whiteness."

"*You mean there's enough Sylvan for my undies and everything? Where's my ration book? And if you don't mind I'd like to borrow that hat for luck—just in case.*"

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

69TT

After exercise, restore energy with biscuits—they are chock full of nourishment. Biscuits provide nourishment without waste—no one wastes biscuits. They *keep*, and keep you going.

BISCUITS keep you going

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-150

The wines you all enjoy

V.P. wines

POINT BRAND

Ask for V.P. RICH RUBY
V.P. SWEET WHITE
V.P. BRITISH SHERRY
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Produced & bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

whiter teeth...

with IRIUM★

The Irium in Pepsodent makes it a unique toothpaste. Irium's smooth, gentle action quickly dissolves film—stains and dinginess disappear. This unique non-acid, non-alkaline cleaning agent makes teeth whiter, more sparkling, than ever before.

★ *Irium is purified Sodium Lauryl Sulphate—the most effective tooth-cleaning agent known to dental science. It is found only in Pepsodent.*

Pepsodent

(containing IRIUM)

TOOTHPASTE

PD 115-1005-55

The milk all children like

A glass and a half of milk goes into every half-pound of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. Unfortunately, Cadburys are only allowed the milk to make an extremely small quantity, so, if you are lucky enough to get some, do save it for the children. In this way, you are giving them full-cream summer milk in its most tempting form.

CADBURYS

1

Want your husband to be a Top-Notcher?

Your Best Beloved will be brisker, brighter at business—if he gets Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

Made from wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts are concentrated food—give *extra* energy in every spoonful.

Take less milk, less sugar—they're so malty-sweet, munchy-crunchy. Yes, Life's lovely—Grape-Nuts are back! 12 big helpings in the easy-to-carry packet. 3 pts. 9d.

Serve grand-tasting

GRAPE-NUTS

Ready to eat

Rita Hayworth

as Sultry South American Siren

Columbia's melodrama, "Gilda," starring Rita Hayworth in her first major dramatic role, is a triangular affair between the sinister "boss" of a Buenos Aires casino, his tough henchman, Johnny, and Gilda—the "woman" in their lives. Rita is unbelievably lovely and her skin is so smooth and clear. Like 9 out of 10 other film stars, she uses rich, creamy Lux Toilet Soap to keep her peerless complexion as smooth, as fragrant, and as lovely as ever.

LUX TOILET SOAP

The beauty care for lovely skin—used by 9 out of 10 film stars

TL 1415-255 4d. a tablet A *LEVER* PRODUCT

The new flavour!

IT'S SPREADING EVERYWHERE!

Benergy

APPETISING! SATISFYING!

1/6 NETT 8 OZS

Compare the value!

Made by BENGER'S Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

SPILLERS SPILLERS SPILLERS SPILLERS

FOR EVERYDAY ENERGY AND FITNESS EAT **TUROG BROWN BREAD** REGULARLY

Difficulty with supplies? Then write to—
SPILLERS LTD., 40, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.3

TWILIGHT HOUR. The sunset fades, the lamps are lit. It's time to put away the mower, fold up the deck-chairs, and go in doors. How good then to round off the long day with a glass of Horlicks before turning in!

For Horlicks sets the seal of contentment on healthy fatigue. Taken as a nightcap, it gently nourishes the tired system, and soothes away all tension. You relax . . . and sleep deeply. You wake not merely rested, but filled with new vigour.

Unfortunately, Horlicks is not yet plentiful. But your dealer, you may be sure, shares out as fairly as possible what he has.

HORLICKS

"Who's crackers . . .?" began the Mad Hatter. "You are!" interrupted the March Hare. "Don't be so rude," said Alice, "he means whose crackers are we having for tea? Why, Crawford's Cream Crackers, of course!"

After Tenniel by permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co., Ltd.

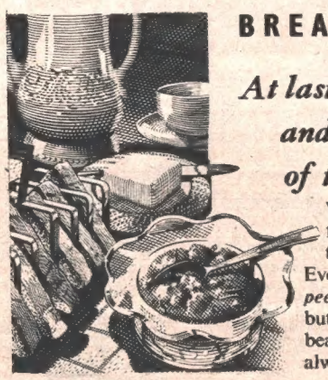
Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits

THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS

Said the Egg—**For a good EGG SALAD you must be hard boiled. You must demand**

SUTTONS
SALAD CREAM
1/- PER BOTTLE

G. F. Sutton, Sons & Co. Ltd., Brandon Road, London, N.7. Makers of Fine Pickles, Sauces and Canned Goods



BREAKFAST CHEER!

At last! Taste the tang and richness of the Seville orange

Welcome it to your table—the finest marmalade we've been able to offer you for five long years! Every golden strand is *pure Seville peel*. Look out for it in the shops, but because supplies are limited, bear with your grocer if he cannot always supply you.

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

'CAMP'

FULL STRENGTH NO WASTE

Goodness me,

they've put a new label on our Nestlé's Milk! Yes, but only the label is changed. The milk itself is still and always will be goodness itself; milk at its purest, richest and creamiest best.

Here's FOOD for General Fitness!

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

JOHN BULL July 13 1946 Volume 79 Number 2091 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

NOW LET'S THINK ABOUT PEACE

by THE EDITOR

THERE IS SOMETHING to be learned from the aftermath of the world's fourth atomic bomb—and it has nothing to do with the scientific data still being collected.

The truth is that this bomb proved too much of a stunt. The professed purpose of the experiment, grandiloquently named "Operation Crossroads," was to find out whether battle fleets are any use in atomic warfare. No doubt this seemed a good enough reason, in the eyes of the military, naval and air authorities involved, for the employment of a large task force in the Pacific, with numerous observers and Press correspondents.

But the interesting thing is that the whole performance awakened no sympathetic response in the public mind. Nobody really cares a jot about battle fleets. What most of us are vitally interested in is not whether battleships would survive atomic warfare, but how mankind (which certainly would not survive) may banish altogether the fear of a war with atom bombs.

The Bikini tests make little appeal to our minds and imaginations because they are run by people who are thinking in terms of a future war—and the majority of us know that this kind of war thinking gets us nowhere.

What the world needs is peace thinking. The real "Operation Crossroads" calls for a revolution in outlook. The choice is clear enough—it lies between peace and destruction. The "operation" will be successful only when great nations stop worrying about the kind of armaments they will need in future conflicts, and concentrate on how to live in security and peace with one another.

TRAGEDY OF THE TOMATOES

IN YEARS PAST, when the world had more to eat, the smooth waters of Dutch canals were often disturbed by the dumping of tons of ripe tomatoes for which there was no sale. Then it was a pity, but not a tragedy.

In this year of hunger, 1946, the Dutch are growing tomatoes again.

Last month they were allowed to send 6,000 tons into Britain. They could not fill this quota. The tomatoes, owing to lack of fuel to heat the greenhouses, were not ripe. This month the quota is reduced to 2,000 tons and the Dutch could send us far more. Next month there will be no quota at all, in the interests of British growers—and the Dutch will dump their tomatoes into the canals again. This time it is a tragedy as well as a pity.

Alternative markets to the British one are tiny; tomatoes are not regarded as an essential food ranking for transport in occupied Germany; and the Dutch have no means of bottling or canning the fruit.

This parable would seem to have two meanings. One is that our Ministers of Food and Agriculture should reconsider whether it is really possible for us to have too many tomatoes.

And the other is that international organization can still be improved if, in a year of world famine, perishable food such as tomatoes is dumped into canals to rot.

MORE NEW TOWNS ARE NEEDED

HOUSING REMAINS the domestic question arousing the greatest interest. Aneurin Bevan's monthly reports show that he is really getting results, in an increased flow of materials, of completed dwellings, and of houses under construction.

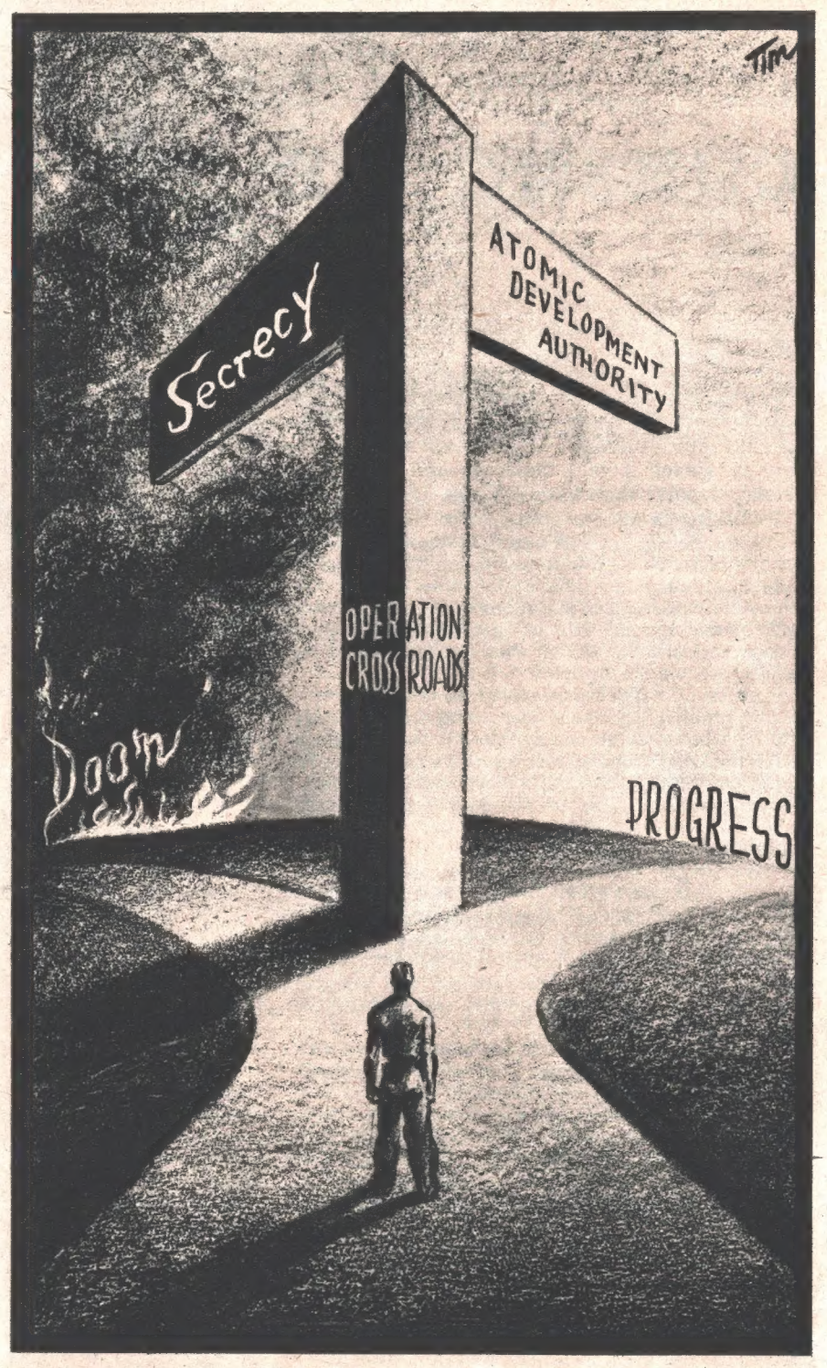
But the problem is taking on a different character in different parts of the country.

A special difficulty is showing itself increasingly in central London and other large industrial centres. It is this: if reasonable open spaces and proper town-planning arrangements are to be preserved, only a fraction of the people putting their names down for houses in populous districts have a chance of getting them.

In Dagenham, for instance, over 4,000 families want houses. Yet the complete building programme, which is as large as the district will allow, only provides for about 900 of these families.

The answer is clear. Lewis Silkin, the Minister of Town and Country Planning, should make speedy use of his New Towns Bill to provide homes and work for the overflow into new areas of families crowded out of the more populous districts.

One Stevenage is not enough. At least a dozen new towns are needed in the south, and others in the north and midlands. And they are needed urgently.



TRANSPORT CLEAN-UP

THE RAILWAY COMPANIES are taking a poll of their shareholders on the question of nationalization. Much money has already been spent by road hauliers in opposing the Government's plans for transport.

Yet none of these interests is able seriously to dispute the need for the overhaul of our whole transport service, if it is to be modernized and serve both industry and the public adequately.

The railway system grew up piecemeal. Many large provincial towns have two or three decayed stations far from one another when one central modern one is required.

Much rolling stock is also obsolete and a great deal of reorganization and centralization of rail and road transport is needed to cut waste.

These are only a few of the problems that have to be faced. It is the Government's case that, before they can be tackled satisfactorily, transport must first be unified under public ownership. A Bill to take over all forms of inland transport and replace them as a whole is in preparation. It should be introduced early in the next Parliamentary sessions, so that reorganization can go ahead as quickly as possible.

CURING THE RUSH HOUR CHAOS

Travel to and from work has become a national problem. Millions waste an average of an hour a day waiting for transport. Health and temper—and production—all suffer. In this article JOHN BULL's investigators survey the whole problem of taking the rush out of the rush hour

STAGE BY STAGE the people of Britain are advancing towards the day when they will have more money to spend and much more time to spend it in. Business and industrial trends all point that way. Wages are going up and working hours are going down.

But the benefits of this happy state of affairs are being threatened by a nation-wide problem, easy to state but immensely difficult to solve.

The daily problem of getting to work—and getting back home again. It's as simple as that—but already it looks like giving this country one of its major post-war headaches.

JOHN BULL has just completed an overall survey of this problem and some disturbing facts emerge.

More than half the people who live in big towns and cities, using buses, trams and trains to get to work, get no benefit from shorter working hours. About 20,000,000 of us are suffering from the curse of the queues which, during rush hours, clutter up station approaches and bus stops.

Reasons for Congestion

At the worst, we are wasting an average of an hour a day either waiting for transport or standing in unhealthy and overcrowded vehicles.

This is spreading sickness among the factories and workshops and cutting quality and quantity of output.

Investigations made reveal six main reasons why this wasteful and vexatious congestion has arisen.

1. Nearly all of us are travelling more. Where we travelled an average of two miles a day to work we are now covering four. Fifty per cent more of us travel to work in outlying districts than before the war. In seven years the mileage run by public transport has jumped from 1,460 millions to 1,800 millions.

2. We are tending to work simultaneous hours. Most of us put in eight hours a day with either four or five hours before the midday break. It is safe to bet that we all start either at 8 a.m. (in the factories) or 9 a.m. (in office and distributive work). And the strain falls on public transport in concentrated blows.

Five-day Week

3. Introduction of the five-day week has concentrated the pressure still more sharply. Every month since last autumn fresh firms have switched to the five-day week until today one-fifth of the firms in the London area and fifteen per cent in the provinces are on this basis.

4. Women have still not responded to appeals that they should finish their afternoon shopping earlier. Shopping and pleasure traffic is adding ten per cent to the demand at the very times when facilities are most tightly strained.

5. Six times as many children are travelling to school by bus, tram and train. A penny means so little nowadays. They have to be in school at 9 a.m.—the same hour at which office workers in millions are trying to reach their desks.

6. More and more national agreements are being signed to regulate overtime payment by fixed clock hours—work performed, say before eight in the morning or after five in the afternoon. This again compresses the arrival and departure of overtime workers within certain fixed periods.

There are other contributory reasons—the tendency to reduce the number of standing passengers in rush periods, for example—but the problem is mainly brought about by the six reasons just stated.

Now what are we going to do about it?

Reconstruction Plans

The Government, it is true, has announced bold and sweeping reconstruction plans to be carried out in three stages over ten years. But although these measures should place Britain's transport on a sane and smooth basis, it will be 1951 before even the first effects will be noticed.

Something must be done before then to check the creeping paralysis which seizes our transport system at the very moments when we are most dependent on it. We cannot endure these daily irritations and exhausting delays for another ten years—even for the sake of lasting comfort then.

Already works and panel doctors, nurses and welfare supervisors report that normal seasonal sickness rates have risen by one fourth. They know the reason—hours spent in the drenching rain, waiting for transport. Stuffy and crammed train corridors and compartments.

Even though many factories provide shelters near their gates, they cannot build one at every bus and tram stop.

Failing health in turn leads to falling production. Just at the time when our leaders call for a Dunkirk effort to win the exports campaign, sickness rates rise and timekeeping is worse—over monthly periods—than it was when the bombs were falling.

Fifty-five groups of works and office managers, shop stewards and supervisors, when asked for a cross-section report, were unanimous on one point: that discomfort in daily travelling, long waits on street corner or station platform, are impairing both quality and quantity of output.

J. E. Cowderoy, Development Superintendent of London Transport—which conveys a vaster congregation of workers than any other single organization in the world—put the position crisply. "Tense, exasperating and nerve-racking conditions are too bad a start to the working day for efficiency to reach its highest pitch," he said.

Mr. Cowderoy, senior member of the national team of experts that is studying the traffic tangle, realizes with his colleagues that the workers' morning ordeal is not the end of the story. Loss of "drive" at bench and desk is equally marked towards the end of the day when workers start thinking of the home-going turmoil.

What We CAN'T Do

So once again we get back to the question—what can we do about this matter right away?

First of all, it is as well to realize what we CAN'T do.

We CAN'T put any more buses, tubes, trams or trains into service than there are running during present peak hours. Last month, when saturation point was reached, travel speed slumped to six miles an hour in congested areas. And we haven't even started to relax petrol rationing yet!

We CAN'T abolish the workmen's cheap fares and

so ease the pre-8 a.m. rush. Alfred Barnes, the Minister of Transport, has definitely rejected any such suggestion.

But there is one clear plan we must adopt if we are not to get into a more chaotic mess than ever.

We must unite in an effort to stagger the starting and finishing hours of work and so spread out public transport. This need involve no alteration of the actual number of hours worked, but is our only hope of solving the traffic tangle until long-term remedies come along.

Staggering of hours is no complicated black-magic affair. It is merely a matter of playing with separate quarters of the hour.

The growing tendency to "clock in" at the actual stroke of the hour, whether it be 7, 8 or 9 a.m., must be checked. Work should be so arranged that one or more factories in a neighbourhood—or a proportion of workers in one factory—should start at 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8.15 or 9.15, while the remainder retain their present hours.

Output Not Affected

Finishing times would, of course, be varied according to the time of starting.

War-time experiments proved beyond question that this system flattens out morning and evening rush peaks and so means less waiting, less crowding, faster travel, greater punctuality and fewer accidents.

No single factory found that staggered hours affected output adversely.

But few firms have agreed to the system. Indeed, the tendency is all the other way. In London only sixty local groups employing about 600,000 workers, maintain the staggered hours system.

At least twice as many must join them before any appreciable effect can be made on the chaos in the capital during rush hours.

In the course of JOHN BULL'S survey, the working of seventeen systems of staggered hours was examined. It was found that in the worst areas, waiting time has been cut from twenty minutes to less than three.

Traffic flow is on an average three miles an hour faster than under the old simultaneous system. Twenty vehicles handle traffic which previously needed eighty or ninety. Very few workers are kept waiting, as buses have filled rapidly.

Fifteen minutes of production time is saved because workers, arriving in staggered batches, are able to reach their places in the factories more quickly than when an entire staff arrived at once.

Buses are able to pick up passengers at intermediate stages.

What is to stop the speedy application of this system which provides a proved answer to our traffic worries? The position can be put quite bluntly.

In general, most firms will co-operate.

But it is the reluctance of the workers themselves to make personal adjustments that is the real obstacle to introduction of the system everywhere.

Hard and fast rules obviously cannot be made to apply to all industrial areas.

Transport Co-operation

But where management and workers in a firm agree on a basis of staggering hours, local transport organizations are invariably pleased to co-operate and work out suitable traffic plans. Transport workers—drivers and conductors—are everywhere willing to rearrange their own hours.

National fixed-hours overtime agreements present the first important snag.

But trades union leaders indicated to JOHN BULL their belief that agreements might be adapted to local arrangements without sacrificing essential principles involved.

Yet, oddly enough, the most formidable obstacle to any agreement remains the attitude of the very people who might most immediately benefit in comfort and convenience.

In Lancashire there is strong objection owing to an unfounded suspicion that staggering of hours might be the thin end of the wedge in an effort to lengthen the working day.

Women workers are nervous of agreeing to staggered hours while the shops still close so early.

Schoolteachers say that staggered school hours would upset the meals-in-school scheme and the curriculum in the afternoons.

Housewives tend to object because of the extra work involved in cooking meals at odd hours.

But it is impossible to escape the conviction that these objections arise because the problem has not been placed clearly and intelligently before the whole community. The average worker is not being helped to balance personal small inconveniences against the greater good which would follow the introduction of a saner staggered system.

Most Effective Approach

In Birmingham and many other Midland towns the problem has reached a stage when there is today a high-level movement—about which there is much reticence at the moment — to empower local authorities and regional transport commissioners to enforce staggering.

And most of the transport undertakings are not now privately owned but have become public utilities.

Yet JOHN BULL investigators came to the conclusion that a free-will co-operative effort, rather than coercion, remains the most effective approach and most in accordance with our national temperament.

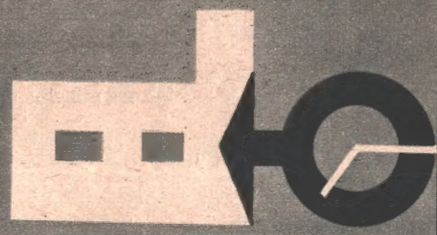
The traffic tangle must be solved. We cannot afford to let it last.

Some degree of personal sacrifice there must be and the onus is on every one of us to end this evil for ourselves until massive reconstruction brings along the ideal and enduring solution.

STAGGERING: HOW IT WORKS

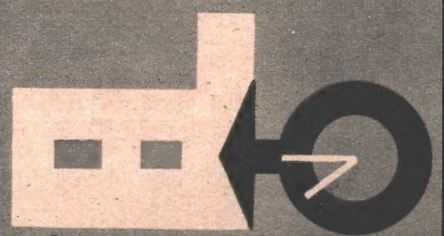
A typical smoothing out of congestion by means of staggered hours. The figures show the number of workers arriving at an East London factory in two peak rushes under the old system, and how they are spread evenly over the same period under a staggered arrival plan

Arriving at work, 7.00 a.m.:
Old Plan 338; New Plan, 412

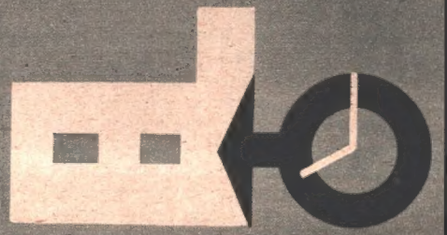


Arriving at work, 7.15 a.m.:
Old Plan None; New Plan, 3,464

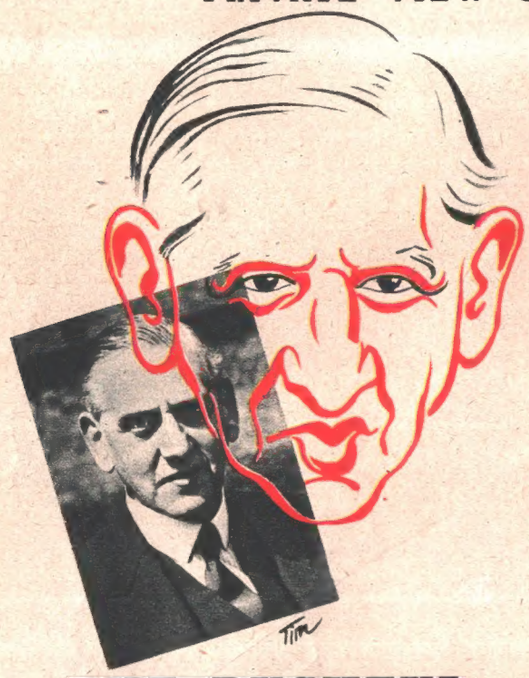
Arriving at work, 7.30 a.m.:
Old Plan 6,143; New Plan, 3,868



Arriving at work, 7.45 a.m.:
Old Plan 94; New Plan, 3,805



Arriving at work, 8.00 a.m.:
Old Plan 7,538; New Plan, 2,564



THE PUSHFUL PLANNER

THE MINISTER of Town and Country Planning is one of the best chess-players in the House of Commons. Unhappily for Lewis Silkin, who possesses a serious and well-ordered mind, people and homes cannot be moved with the ease of chess-pieces.

His job in the Government calls for something more than the resource, patience and tenacity required by his favourite game. It involves nothing more or less than blue-printing the new Britain.

Upon him falls the responsibility of rebuilding blitzed areas; planning and building satellite towns; rehousing millions of people; and generally making "our towns and countryside more convenient and pleasant to live and work in," to use his phrase.

Yet since he announced his plan to rehouse 3,000,000 in communities which will be scientifically planned and self-contained, he has lived on a mixed grill of boos and cheers.

"It will go forward because it must go forward," he informed hecklers at Stevenage.

The phrase tells you much about the man. He has been a fighter all his life. Today, he is fifty-six, greying round the temples, soft of speech, reserved, with a face lined by worry, and eyes that are shrewd-looking yet sad. His job calls for the zeal of a missionary with a dash of Barnum, but Silkin hides his idealism behind a sober black jacket and striped trousers.

BUT his shy manner would deceive nobody who has worked under him or come up against him.

He learned to be tough in his early days in the East End of London. He also learned about life in the slums at first hand.

Today, when he talks of the beautiful cities of the future in the smooth, rounded phrases of the politician, his mind's eye races back to a London where families huddled in crowded discomfort and the rent collector was regarded as a public enemy.

From an L.C.C. elementary school he won his way to a London secondary school. Already he was a Socialist anxious to make converts despite the disapproval of some of the masters. He obtained a mathematical scholarship which would have meant Oxford, but he could not afford to take it up. His parents were tradesmen in a small way; and a weekly pay envelope looked more attractive than dreaming spires.

Young Silkin found work at the docks. He stuck it for a time but gave it up when he saw a long-range chance of becoming a lawyer.

There was no cash to buy a snug interest in the firm or even to get articled. He took an office-boy's job at fifteen shillings a week. Some years later, he was offered his articles and finally a partnership by another firm.

FOR the last twenty years politics have bitten more and more deeply into his professional work.

Since 1925 he has been a member of the L.C.C. A legal mind, and a very real idealism about decent housing, made him an authority appreciated in council by his colleagues and feared by opponents.

Not that Silkin is a spell-binder. Like so many lawyers, he is better at the conference table than on the platform. His speaking voice is poor and unimpressive, but he has often punctured opponents by his grasp of the subject.

"I'm not a good speaker but I like getting around," he says with a half-smile.

The car provided for his use (he has never learnt to drive) has put up a gigantic mileage on official visits. When in doubt, he likes to see for himself, inject his own enthusiasm into nervous local authorities and reach out to places where prejudice festers dangerously.

The qualities that made him a "poor man's lawyer" in South London are helping to iron out his present difficulties. He enjoys a fight against odds. And he is a glutton for work.

Long before any of his staff arrive he is at his desk in St. James's Square. To pack more working hours into his day he lives, on weekdays, in three small rooms in the building. Far into the night he works, a lonely figure at an enormous desk.

It might be regarded as a reflection on his efficiency, this inability to provide himself with leisure. The fact is, simply, that he enjoys a lot of work.

His working habits aren't so frightening as they sound. He likes to let his staff work in their own way—as long as they do their job crisply and efficiently. He is no robot card-index fanatic. Everyone who works with him is a human being, not something at the end of a push-button.

EVEN his family have to take second place to his public life. Married thirty years, he has three sons, each of whom has held a commission in one of the fighting Services. One of his sons, also a lawyer, has been presiding over a military court in Singapore, trying Jap war criminals.

Now and then, he practises a dry wit.

"I should like to make it a penal offence for any architect to submit proposals to a local authority that are not in conformity with the best town-planning principles," he says with a poker face.

To that his opponents will cry, "Bureaucracy!" Beachcomber will, perhaps, be tempted to write a scornful paragraph. But in Silkin's smile there is a quiet conviction that his is the way forward.

Silkin strikes you as cold and rather inhuman until he starts talking about his work. His face lights up and suddenly he looks years younger. The hard lines soften, the sad eyes glow, when he talks of his dream: "I'm after giving people an opportunity to lead a full life."

Like a lot of other big names, he says that he dislikes publicity. But a public servant who doesn't believe in publicity for his cause has ceased to believe in that cause. And so Silkin agreed to be cross-examined by JOHN BULL.

The interview was an index to his character. The "buzzer" jangled repeatedly; reports demanded "instant attention"; and Lord Reith was pacing up and down in the outer room.

But Silkin went through with the interview.

It was a job of work, and his colleague had to wait until it was properly finished.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

SOAP

CIVILIZATION has been defined as Soap. Personal and public cleanliness measure a nation's advance. Britain has used soap since the thirteenth century, but only within living memory did it become cheap enough for the poor to buy it freely.

★ ★ ★

Until 1853 soap was taxed, sometimes as high as 3d. a pound, which was more than its cost. In 1852 the tax brought in £1,126,046, and we used about four pounds per head per year; by 1856 consumption had doubled. In 1939 we each used, on the average, eighteen pounds.

★ ★ ★

But we didn't top the list. Other figures were: U.S.A., twenty-two pounds; Holland and Scandinavia, twenty-one; Belgium, twenty; Germany, fifteen; Austria and Italy, ten.

★ ★ ★

Soap is made from fat, our basic food ration. Thus war (and now the threat of world famine) makes it necessary to cut down consumption of soap. A four-ounce saving per family per month frees 16,000 tons of fat a year—a year's fat ration for one million people.

★ ★ ★

The present world shortage of fats has three main causes. The grain famine in India has increased the consumption of ground nut there. We expected to import 500,000 tons this year to make margarine oil—this figure will be halved. The Dutch East Indies nut crop has largely failed. And the whalers have had a bad season. We face a whale oil shortage of 47,000 tons.

★ ★ ★

Goat tallow and beech ash, boiled together, was the Roman recipe for soap. The English found seaweed better than wood ash. But until the last hundred years nearly all washing of linens was done with wood ash alone—it was called lye.

★ ★ ★

Directions for lye washing: Place clothes in a clean tub fitted with spigot (tap) at bottom. Cover with cloth and add six inches of pure oak wood ash. Pour on boiling water, let it stand, draw it off, reboil and pour in again. Repeat many times. Then let tub cool and allow to stand for some hours. Now rub through the clothes and rinse thoroughly. They will dry to an extraordinary whiteness. (Caution: Only linens can be washed this way.)

★ ★ ★

The Russians, in the early days of the revolution, boiled down animal carcasses to make soap. At the Nuremberg Trial an affidavit was produced in which two British soldiers, Private John Picton and Corporal W. A. Neilly, described their forced labour in a factory where concentration camp victims were used for soap making.

★ ★ ★

Soap rationing is complicated by the obvious fact that some men have dirtier jobs than others. Sweeps, for instance, get a double weekly ration, and miners have an obvious claim.

★ ★ ★

Rules for making soap last: (1) Dry it out before using. (2) Use as little water as possible. (3) Before washing clothes dissolve the soap in a little boiling water, then add cold. (4) Add soda to soften the water—but remember to rinse very thoroughly if you do.

★ ★ ★

The Government is investigating the possibility of supplying cheap water-softening substances; it is also hoping for an increased manufacture of soap substitutes. These are quite unlike soap chemically, but have much the same effect.

★ ★ ★

In Durham some time ago a retailer was prosecuted for selling a cake of soap without a coupon. It turned out to be a brick tablet (from pre-war stock) which turned your hands black when you used it. Case dismissed.

LANDSLIDE IN THE LORDS

Of some eighty peers who take part nowadays in House of Lords debates, few are aristocrats. The majority were ennobled for real achievements. And Labour peers form nearly half the regular attendance

by HANNEN SWAFFER

Lord Calverley's father was a miner. His coat of arms bears picks and a miner's lamp

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BRITAIN has included even the House of Lords. What used to be called the "Gilded Chamber" is being more and more invaded, as the months pass, by newly-made peers drawn from the ranks of toil.

More than that, the choice of ennobled Socialists, necessary if Labour legislation is to be passed, is no longer restricted as it once was, to bachelors or married men without children. There were not enough suitable ones of that type to go round.

"We are afraid of the next generation," Labour once said; it says so no longer.

Nor is a man's lack of money in any way a bar nowadays.

Not many years ago, it was an understood thing that before a man could accept a peerage he had to guarantee that he could leave £100,000 to his heirs.

But the time came when Lord Olivier, a Socialist who had been Governor of Jamaica, and whose Colonial knowledge was needed, used to speak in the Lords only on a Wednesday; for it was on that day that there was a cheap half-day ticket from Bognor, where he lived. And he could not afford the full fare!

Lord Snell, a farm boy who rose to distinction, had an allowance of £5 a week made to him by a trade union so that, no longer able to lecture for his living, he could not only sit in the Lords but be chairman of the London County Council.

Today, a peer need not even buy a robe in which to be presented when he first takes his seat. Lord Passfield, otherwise Sidney Webb, presented his to the Labour peers not long back. So now, whenever a new Socialist arrives in the Upper Chamber, he borrows this robe for half an hour, wears it, makes his bow, and then hands it back—unless he wants to have a photograph taken so that he can give it to his wife, or leave it to his heirs in place of an estate and jewellery.

The Socialists, indeed, have transformed the House of Lords.

"The Voice of the People"

Just a year ago, a fortunate few saw in that House one of the most extraordinary scenes in our island history. Not since Charles I was deposed and "the divine right of kings" was abolished, had Westminster known an event of such significance.

George VI, speaking as the Voice of the People, which he is on such occasions, read a speech in which, in the presence of all the "vested interests," he announced the new Government's plan to nationalize the Bank of England and coal, control investments, organize trade and industry, and use land for the common benefit.

This, from the point of view of Tory peers, was the end of all things.

"I wouldn't have balloted for a seat," said the wife of one of our richest ennobled industrialists, "if I had known what I was to hear."

Near the King, while he announced this bloodless revolution, was not only the Earl of Cork and Orrery, who bore the Imperial Crown, but Lord Walkden, once a railway clerk and now Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard, and Lord Ammon, for years a postal worker but suddenly Captain of the Gentlemen at Arms.

Those two are among the dozen working men who now sit in the House of Lords, not as men who had risen from the ranks of the toilers and acquired wealth, but as representatives of the workers whose programme is being implemented.

The rest include Lord Westwood, a Clydeside shipworker; Lord Morrison a teacher of handicraft; Lord Henderson, son of the former Foreign Secretary and himself a working journalist; and Lord Rusholme, a Co-op official, born of the working-class.

Then there is Lord Calverley, a commercial salesman who started life as a weaver and whose father was a miner. The family tradition, indeed, is remembered in the new peer's coat of arms. He chose as his motto "Labour conquers all" and included in his heraldic sign two miners' picks and, as described in heraldry, "in saltire a miner's safety lamp all proper."

Brains, not Money

After its first sniff of concealed disgust, the Old Order took the invasion calmly enough—"Why, these working chaps aren't so bad, after all!"

Anyway, they dropped their bombs without dropping their aitches. Besides, they had been chosen, not because of their money, but because of their brains.

More recently, Sir Walter Citrine, an electrician who rose to international prominence as the general secretary of the Trade Union Congress, and George Shepherd, chief organizer of the Labour Party—have been sent to the House of Lords to increase the debating strength of the Socialist benches.

Higher in the social scale are Lord Latham, a railway clerk who became an accountant and the chairman of Singers Motors Ltd., and other companies; Lord Quibell, a builder; a business man who will call himself Lord Lucas; Lord Jackson, a Herefordshire fruit farmer; and Lord Darwen, a cotton employer.

Altogether, the Labour peers now number forty. Apart from the dozen working men, nearly a score sprang from middle-class families; they were former Ministers, M.P.s of wide experience, or professional men.

Lord Inman, an expert on the National Health Bill, is chairman of Charing Cross Hospital. Lord Mountevans, given a Labour peerage "by mistake"—Attlee did not know he had spoken for the Tories in the election— was "Evans of the Broke."

Shortly, I hear, he will be followed to the Labour benches by two Service chiefs of such outstanding distinction that they were awarded peerages in the Victory Honours List.

Then the Socialists have been joined by eleven men of aristocratic birth. Strabolgi's barony dates back to 1318. Huntingdon, the fifteenth earl, has also a barony that goes back to 1461 and a descent traced from the Dispensator to William the Conqueror. By an irony, another of his ancestors was Robin Hood, who robbed the rich to help the poor!

Russell, the third earl, is better known as Bertrand Russell, the professor whose heresies have got him in such trouble in the States.

Normanby is the fourth marquess. Foley, the eighth baron, boasts the family motto "That I may do good." Faringdon, the second baron, inherited from his Tory father the motto "Virtue alone ennobles."

Pakenham, although given a barony of his own, is a son of the fifth Earl of Longford who proclaims, in his crest, "Glory is the shadow of virtue." It was because he, more than anyone, helped Beveridge to prepare his insurance scheme that he was sent to the Lords. In a few months, he has won a great reputation for the ease with which he answers, at a moment's notice, for almost any Government department—and for the irony of such phrases as "Lord Simon is the greatest capture the Tory Party has made since Edmund Burke."

Yes, the Labour peers are, indeed, a mixed lot. Between them, they are experts on almost everything.

They form nearly half of the regular attendance; for, although there are 880 peers in all, only about 80 usually turn up. Leaving out a few aristocrats like the Cecils, nearly all of them, whatever their party, are created peers—men chosen by successive Governments because of their achievements. Today, you never see "the backwoodsmen," the peers who used to turn up only when their land was in danger.

And, so far, the Second Chamber has not dared to challenge the revolutionary legislation which has been sent up for its approval. It made a gesture over the Investment Board Bill, limiting its powers to five years; but later yielded on that point.

Hereditary Principle May Go

If it dared to use its nominal authority, the cry, "The Lords or the People," would be raised at a general election. Then there would be implemented a plan drawn up during the war, when Churchill set up a committee of all parties, with Sir John Anderson as chairman, to discuss the reform of the House of Lords.

Even Lord Salisbury, the real leader of the Conservative Party, agreed to an abolition of the hereditary principle, and the creation, instead, of a Second Chamber with very limited powers. This would consist of life peers, whose political colour would approximate to that of the House of Commons and, in addition, temporary representatives of Trade and Industry, the professions, such bodies as the Trade Union Congress and the Federation of British Industry, and chairmen of county councils.

If that plan is not adopted, Labour Governments will continue choosing peers from the working class as they are being chosen now; for today the interests of the toiling masses are involved in almost every Bill that comes up for discussion. They will be joined, too, by men from the professions—and also hereditary peers, as they leave the older parties.

INDIA: NOW

India advances to her ne
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with Great Britain, multi
and happiness of the p

The traditional India. British Servicemen on leave remove their footwear before entering a Jainist temple

IT WAS THE TREASURE OF INDIA that made this little island in the chilly northern seas a great power. For over two centuries India feathered our national nest.

Even as late as the 'thirties Winston Churchill and the late Lord Rothermere were explaining to the Americans that it was, unfortunately, quite impracticable for us to leave India since we drew from it four shillings out of every pound we put in our pockets.

And now we are letting India go.

Already we have lost most of our foreign investments. Are we taking one more step on the road to the poorhouse?

On the contrary. If things go well we may be entering on a solid sleeves-up partnership which will vastly multiply the health, wealth and happiness of the people of both countries. It may prove that, in bringing the New India into existence, the New Britain has redressed the balance of the Old.

The hoary Nationalist spine-chiller about the British Tyrant cutting off the right hands of the Dacca fine muslin weavers to safeguard Lancashire was not without its symbolic truth. For years we did systematically suppress Indian industry.

But with the swadeshi (home-made) campaign and its boycott of foreign goods, and, in 1919, Indian tariff home rule, that was a game with no future in it.

Possibilities for Both

It has taken something like twenty years for that to sink in. Now, at last, we are wiping the slate clean, and Mr. Smith of Birmingham and Mr. Mukerji of Bombay are, we hope, going to shake hands and start over again in an equal partnership which holds great possibilities for both of them.

India and Britain are in many ways ideal partners. For years we have been India's best customer and chief supplier. In the year before the war we took from India over a third of her exports, sold her just under a third of her imports.

India—for a long time to come a largely agricultural country—must sell many raw materials we need. Britain, largely a manufacturing country, has much machinery and a whole shopful of consumer goods that India needs. And to start business rolling, India has a £1,000 million credit—accumulated by her war work—on our books.

For months past the Government of India has been working out the details of a mighty network of plans designed to put through in a quarter of a century an industrial and agrarian revolution as great as Russia's. Here are a few of them:

A Ten-Year Power Plan: £40,750,000 to be spent on capital goods—almost all of which will have to be imported. Also—just one subsidiary item of hundreds—eighty per cent of the cable will have to be shipped from abroad.

A £75,000,000 Farms Plan: Vast irrigation projects; 650,000 model farms; fertilizer factories; improved seeds and stock. Masses of farm machinery must be bought abroad.

A £239,000,000 Railways Plan: 500 miles of new track a year for fifteen years, 5,000 new wagons, 230 new locomotives—many imported.

A £33,000,000 Roads Plan: 400,000 miles of new road. Which means 3,000 new road rollers in the next three years, then 400 a year. And thousands of buses and lorries.

A Communications Plan: A telegraph office for every 10,000 people, a telephone exchange for every 30,000. Which means enormous quantities of telephone and telegraph equipment. Even by 1960 India will still be able to make only one-third of her telephones.

An £8,500,000 Air Plan: 111 new aerodromes, hotels and radio control stations.

A Health and Education Plan: Calling for thousands of new hospitals and schools, much medical equipment, air conditioning plants, lifts. . . .

India cannot hope to carry through these tremendous world-changing plans—multiplying her industry by four, doubling her agricultural yield and trebling her income in fifteen years—without a sound hard-working partner. And, for many good reasons, Britain seems to be elected for the job.

For one thing, we're already there—and hard at it.

Though Indians have been buying us out in a big way recently, Britain still has around £250,000,000 invested in India. More important, in a dozen British managing agencies is concentrated the control of a vast field of Indian industry.

Famous names in India's history, these firms undertake the management of a formidable array of businesses in return for ten per cent of the profits. Their accumulated local experience is prodigious and irreplaceable. The finance of foreign trade, too, is centred in the hands of the British banks.

Though an Indian National Government will insist on Indian financial control of key industries, Congress spokesmen have promised that there will be no expropriation of our holdings in coal, chemicals, steel, shipping. Nor will the £13,500,000 Calcutta jute industry—still nearly a monopoly of Scotsmen from Dundee—the £32,000,000 tea industry—eighty per cent British owned—or the £13,000,000 Indian assets of the British insurance companies be interfered with.

Instead, what is happening is something quite different. A "New Model" company is developing in which Indian capital and labour are allied with British technical capacity and local knowledge. Lord Nuffield and Indian finance moghul G. D. Birla, for instance, have joined forces in a £3,000,000 combine to manufacture the Hindustan Ten car. Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries and India's own colossus, Tatas, are getting together in a dyestuffs plant.

Expansion Plans

Meanwhile, twenty-nine industrial panels have been working out expansion plans. Much of the present machinery is obsolete—Indian jute machinery, for instance, has only one quarter of Dundee's efficiency.

Calcutta Corporation alone is in the market for £375,000 worth of new machinery.

The Government of India made the biggest buyers of capital equipment queue up for permission to purchase abroad, and by October last year they held in their impatient hands orders totalling £45,000,000. An Indian Supply Mission was installed in London to press forward deliveries.

But India's biggest need is not machinery but men—men of a thousand complex skills, administrative, scientific, mechanical.

"Quit India!" chalked on a million walls, was never meant to be taken too literally. Even Devidas Gandhi's bitter anti-British *Hindustan Times* employs an English head printer. And starting point of all India's plans are the 12,000 members of the Indian Civil Service, key to the sub-continent's complex administrative machine. Nearly half of them are British.

Despite a strongly pressed Indianization policy, the State railways in 1944 still employed 1,760 Europeans. Next year the Indian Army will have 2,500 regular Indian officers and 2,500 regular British officers—and Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck will still have a gap of 4,000 to fill somehow. Such instances are typical.

"Quit India!" indeed.

On the contrary, as Nehru himself has pointed out, as she moves towards her new destiny "India

IT'S PARTNERSHIP ★ ★

by HARRY HOPKINS

w destiny. It is a destiny
ng, sleeves-up partnership
plying the wealth, health
eoples of both countries

Large quantities of farm machinery will be needed for India's gigantic plan for agricultural improvement

India has vast plans for education which include the building of schools with up-to-date equipment

Railway plans envisage 500 miles of new track yearly for fifteen years — with bridges, wagons and stock

A plane stops to refuel at a semi-rural landing ground. India's air plans are estimated to cost £8,500,000

Engineering works in India have grown enormously in the war and future plans will transform them

will want the help of many foreign experts in many departments of activity."

An old Nationalist dream is to be realized in the Government-owned Hindustan Aircraft Factory. But its three technical directors will be British. The £37,500,000 Damodar Valley Project—an Indian TVA—will be run by four foreign engineers.

In the modern world trade follows the technician. And there are plenty of reasons why those technicians will be British.

Scores of devoted British administrators—like Sir John Sargent, author of the forty-year plan to liquidate illiteracy — have laboured long and lovingly over plans for the welfare of India's people —and Indians know it.

Englishmen, like C. F. Andrews and Edward Thompson, have come nearest to an understanding of the Indian spirit—and Indians know it.

For a century India has fought us with the political arguments we taught her.

Gnarled and twisted as they may be, the roots of this partnership go deep. They are not going to be torn up overnight.

Rather are they being strengthened every month by the reverse tide of Indian students—following up the thousand Bevin Boy pioneers — sailing for Britain to learn a score of crafts from shipbuilding and electrical engineering to plastics.

As these young men return and the plans mature, India's standard of living will soar. It has been reckoned that 1962's industrial incomes should be 129 per cent over the 1930 level, agricultural incomes 92 per cent up. Millions will have money to spend who never had it before.

400,000,000 New Customers

What we have to make sure is that as many as possible of these 400,000,000 new customers register at our shop. Our reputation for quality stands high in India. Even a political irreconcilable will prefer a British bicycle. From the new middle classes will grow a demand for refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, fine textiles—all the impedimenta of Western life.

Just one single item: the demand for radio sets is put at two million—plus the 750,000 special community sets which the Government plans to supply to the villages. India herself can't make more than a quarter of these sets.

It used to be said that if every Indian added an inch or two to his *dhoti*, Lancashire's trade problems would vanish overnight. It is possible that something not so very unlike that will happen.

We have an authority no less hard-headed than Mr. Birla, chief Congress backer, for believing that it will. Birla predicts a big Anglo-Indian trade expansion in the next fifteen years. "Once India is free," he says, "there will be no bitterness against the British."

But both here and in India the Mr. Smiths have got to learn to know the Mr. Mukerjis a lot better.

If, as an Indian Planning Minister complained, British firms won't lend technicians without demanding control, the British Government itself must see that India gets the best men we can spare.

Jawaharlal Nehru, who enjoyed his Harrow and Cambridge days, confesses he still can't help reacting like an Englishman. That's a pretty good hint. In future we must make Indian students really at home with us.

The trade treaty shortly to be negotiated between Britain and an independent India may not only form a bridge over the world-splitting chasm that yawns between East and West, it may well also solve in the end the vexed problem of where our national meal ticket is coming from.

It's up to us, anyhow, to see that it does.

WHEN NOISE IS A PLEASURE

Screaming children, barking dogs, the next door wireless—they drive you mad if you let them. But you needn't. JOHN BULL's homely philosopher has his own remedy

"If you fancy a little fresh air"

LISTENING, AT MY OPEN WINDOW, the other evening, to all the noises of summer—or rather, being compelled to listen to them, whether I wanted to or not—it struck me how queer it is that while we've invented machines that can travel faster than sound, we haven't yet invented any simple method of shutting out unwanted sound.

Or if anyone has invented such a method, no one seems to have applied it in the building of the average house.

If you live in the average sort of house, in the average sort of street, and you fancy a little fresh air in your rooms at this time of year, you've got to have the noise as well.

It's all right, of course, if you like listening to other people's radio (just sufficiently mistuned to make Stuart Hibberd sound like a drunken Hottentot bellowing through a megaphone). It's all right if you like to hear a neighbour constantly revving up and shutting off the engine of his motor bike—against a background of screaming children, barking dogs, and the persistent horns of passing motorists.

Psychological Cure

But if it's peace and quietness you fancy, *and* fresh air, the only thing you can do on a warm evening is to keep your doors and windows shut.

Lately, however, I've been trying a psychological cure. Noise is much more bearable, I find, if I analyse the general racket into its separate sounds, and then think of the pleasure each person or animal is getting out of making that particular sound. By doing this, I can sometimes come to take a pleasure in it myself.

For instance, I know an extremely young person who enjoys letting out a series of blood-curdling yells. He can keep it up for half-an-hour at a stretch, and wear down the strongest nerves. But if you listen to him carefully, and hear the quiet little chuckle of delight that follows each echoing yell, you can't help realizing that you are listening to something far more important than mere noise.

You are listening to a series of great achievements—achievements as great in their way as the sustained top notes of an expensive coloratura soprano.

I can't say that I've managed to take quite as great a pleasure in the yells as the young person himself—but I have come to appreciate his point of view, and to realize that it would be unfair to try to stop him.

I find it a little more difficult to take the same attitude toward a barking dog or a revving motor-bike engine—particularly when neither the dog nor the bike belongs to me. But if these noises don't go on for too long at a stretch, I do find I can bear them more easily by thinking firmly of the dog's and the motor cyclist's delight.

The hard truth about noise, I suppose, is that the only really enjoyable noise is the noise we make ourselves.

On the whole, though, I think modern town-dwellers are probably better off, as regards noise, than their parents were. Many people seem to take it for granted that there has never been so noisy an age as this one. But it seems to me that we are better off today—at least so far as traffic noises are concerned—than we were, say, forty years ago.

A pair-horse van, clattering over cobbles, certainly made more noise than the heaviest of modern lorries; and the old-fashioned tramcar was a thousand times noisier than the modern trolley-bus.

But while one group of designers has been doing so much to make vehicles more silent in operation, another group seems to have deliberately set out to increase the noise. This is particularly noticeable in the design of the so-called silencers on some modern small cars, and in nearly all kinds of modern motor-horns.

A few months ago, I noticed that the silencer on my thirteen-year-old car had a hole in it. I had a new silencer fitted. But I find that the new silencer, owing to its design, makes more noise than did my old one, hole and all.

Bulb-hooters

A similar development has taken place in the design of motor-horns. When I first started driving, twenty-eight years ago, most cars had bulb-hooters.

The old bulb-hooter seldom scared anyone out of your path. It simply said: "Pardon me, but may I come through?"

Then someone invented the hand-operated Klaxon, which was considered a great improvement. It said: "Gertcha!"

This Klaxon had one drawback. It said "gertcha!" only once—each time you pushed the lever. If you got impatient and pushed the lever too hard, it was apt to jam, thus compelling you to revert to old-fashioned politeness with your bulb-hooter.

This was finally remedied by the modern electric screamer, capable of supplying noise without end and so pitched as to rasp even the nerves of the man who sounds it, let alone the person he is sounding at.

These are the kind of unnecessary noises that I can never learn to tolerate, even when I make them myself—as, of course, I sometimes do; especially with my new silencer.

But there's at least one good thing to be said for this year's noises. There isn't one of them that's half as bad as the war-time wail of the air-raid siren.

And when I remember the crawly quiver that the siren used to send up and down my spine, I can't help feeling glad that I'm still alive to hear even the ugliest noises of 1946.

Doing the Dirty Work

I'VE received a number of interesting letters in response to my suggestion that we should all take our turn at doing some of the world's dirty and heavy labour.

One man writes doubting my sanity. Am I not aware, he says, that we are not all equally gifted—that some of us are intellectual, and some are not? He feels it would be wrong for intellectual persons to spend any of their time in washing dishes or collecting garbage.

I disagree. I think it would be good for them.

Besides, no special group or social class has a monopoly of intellect, or the finer feelings.

There are often as many intellectual ideas under the navvy's cap as under the professor's mortar-board.

Nearly all my correspondents, however, are agreed on one thing. The forty-hour week for workers in the heavy industries is long overdue. The trouble is, of course, that in this, as in so many things, we are caught up in a vicious circle. We need all the production we can get—and more.

It seems to me that a group of trained volunteers could help to break this vicious circle—volunteers drawn from white-collar workers who were willing to put in a few shifts a month at heavy work.

I see no reason why a similar scheme shouldn't be operated, with volunteer labour, to help with many of the heavier and less-skilled jobs. And I feel quite sure that, whoever else benefited by it, the person to benefit most would be the white-collared volunteer himself.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

test them out

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS we have become altogether too prone to rule our lives by "sayings" and "slogans." Propaganda of all sorts has been dinned into our ears.

It's time we had a stock-taking. It's time we started to think our own thoughts.

One of the silly sayings that has gained far too much acceptance is that this person or that is suffering from an "inferiority complex." This is usually taken to mean that a person distrusts his own powers and thinks that other people are far better than he is.

Now my firm belief is that very few of us really feel that way. Most of us have a fairly good opinion of ourselves, and, if we fail in anything we undertake, we cheerfully alibi by insisting that circumstances were against us.

We should all be much better employed in exploring our minds' mysteries and discovering and testing our hidden powers. For we all have powers higher than we dream of.

The war proved that. Again and again courage above the normal, strength above the average, endurance and heroism of startling quality were displayed by the most ordinary people.

We can—but we don't. We can—but we can't be bothered. That's the real truth.

If man is ever to become superman he must bother. He must take trouble. He must dare—and dare—and dare.

ALL BEASTS ARE Happy

It was clearly a job for a vet. But old Whitton's love for his dog stirred the doctor's feelings not once but twice

by H. L. V. FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAINE

All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements.

(Doctor Faustus)

AN IDLER, staring through the window of the "Queen's Arms" in the early autumn evening, caught sight of Whitton, the shepherd, and his dog coming up the street.

"Look at those two," he said after studying them intently awhile. "People say a man and his wife get to look alike. What about a man and his dog?"

The landlord peered over the speaker's shoulder. He made no comment on the remark. "That bitch must be getting old," he said. "Whitton's had her a long time."

But indeed there was, when one came to look closely, a curious resemblance between the two. Both had the same walk, a kind of awkward, not quite square-shouldered lurch, with the eyes, apparently on the ground, casting swift, suspicious glances to right and left, as if they neither liked nor trusted their kind. Both had the same sort of tangled unkemptness, the same doubtful cleanliness, as if preening came awkwardly to them. Both had a wild, untamed appearance, as if they were ready to bare teeth in a snarl. They accepted salutations with a surly air and a minimum of courtesy.

Whitton lived alone in the hills above the town. Sometimes he stayed awhile at the farm to which he was shepherd, but most of the time he spent in a one-roomed, mud-floored cabin, far from anywhere, that was supposed to be for use only at lambing time.

HE had no relations, no real friends, though for his skill with animals he won respect if not liking. Sometimes he lived at his hut for weeks at a time, seeing nobody, ascetically alone in the wilderness, and then he would come down to town and indulge in a bout of fierce drunkenness.

After that, wayfarers might pass him sleeping it off in a ditch, with Nell, the sheepdog, sitting near him, motionless for hour after hour and baring her teeth ominously if anyone approached.

But this evening he went into none of the bars. He continued past the "Queen's Arms" and turned into the little lane that led to the doctor's surgery. Presently he was sitting in the ante-room, waiting his turn with a sort of stolid, immobile patience.

He had arrived rather late and was the last. The doctor passed through, showing out a woman who went on chattering futilely until the door had shut on her. As he came back he shot a curious glance at Whitton, and nodded.

"Come this way, please."

Whitton rose and, dog still at heel, followed the doctor into the surgery and stood waiting.

The doctor was an elderly man, grey-haired, stooping, but his voice was clear and his eyes alert. He took in Whitton at a look, dog as well, and as he pushed some papers aside on his desk indicated a chair.

"Sit down."

Whitton remained standing; the doctor did not repeat his invitation.

"Now, let me see, don't I know you?"

"Whitton," said the shepherd briefly. "You come duck-shooting last year up by my place——"

"Ah, yes, Whitton. Shepherd, aren't you? I remember. Well, what's wrong?"

"'Tain't me, master. 'Tis Nell."

"Eh? What's that?"

WHITTON made the faintest of gestures and, a shade heavily, the bitch leapt on the table and under his hand lay quietly panting.

"'Tis the li'l bitch, master. Her got a damn great lump growing in the side of her belly." He touched the spot and the doctor drew nearer and searched with sympathetic fingers.

"Ah, yes. Yes."

"I reckoned maybe it could be cut out, and her'd be all right again. It do pain her."

"Well——" The doctor looked at Whitton. "Perhaps. But this is a vet's job, and I'm not a vet, you know."

"Nearest vet do live twenty mile off."

The doctor half-smiled grimly. "I see. Well, I think you'd better have her destroyed, Whitton. Get somebody to shoot her, that's the kindest."

"I an't having her destroyed."

The doctor looked up at the intensity of feeling in the shepherd's voice.

"She's not the only dog you have?"

"I got a young 'un back home." The shake of his head indicated the hills. "All right to do the running. But Nell's different." He repeated, "I an't having her destroyed."

"No. Well——" the doctor paused—"I'm afraid that's the best advice I can give you——"

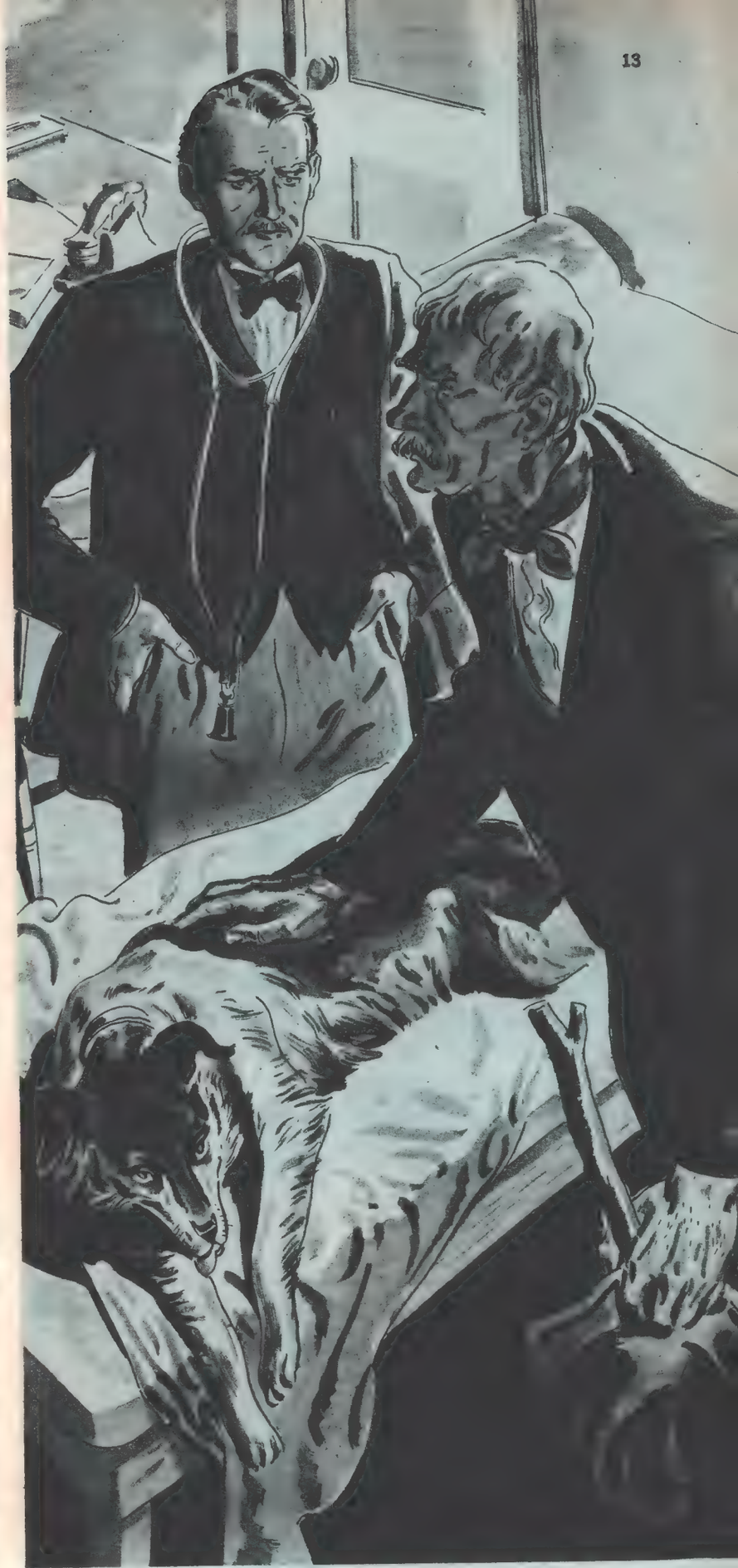
Whitton's furtive eyes sought his, fiercely.

"It could be cut out, that lump? Like they does with people? A operation?"

"It could, I suppose," said the doctor doubtfully. The idea of a shepherd suggesting an operation on a dog that could not work was so novel that he stood lost in thought. "But I don't really think any vet——"

"I an't taking her to no cow-doctor," stated Whitton. He fumbled for words, then came out with a brief request. "Will you do it?"

"I? My dear chap! Operations are a surgeon's work. I'm not a surgeon. Besides—I've my hands full enough with



"Nell's different," said the shepherd, "I an't having her destroyed"

human troubles. Once I started looking after animals as well——"

"You could do it?"

"Well, I—no, really, this is impossible. I suppose I——"

"I thought as maybe you'd do it for me."

"I'm afraid not, Whitton. You see——" he broke off, as irritated with his insistent sympathy for the man's inarticulate loneliness as he was with the shepherd for embarrassing him so. He shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

At the decided tone of his voice Whitton signalled the bitch off the table and turned to the door.

"WHAT d'you call that stuff to put you to sleep? I can get it at the chemist's, can't I?"

"Chloroform?" The doctor cursed his relief as meanness. "I suppose you could. But a shot is kinder——"

"I an't shooting her. Nor putting her to sleep."

"You don't mean——"

"If you winna do it I must do it for myself."

The doctor stepped between him and the door. "My good fellow, you'll kill her! It's impossible."

"I can try. I'll do my best. I thought as you'd do it for me, but 'tisn't right to ask a gentleman like you to do such a thing for a dog. I can see that."

The doctor shook his head in exasperation—and at something in himself that was not exasperation. He had to carry on his mind the burden of men's bodies; if he were to take on their sorrows as well! And then he recalled himself coming to this town years ago as a young man. He had been full of hopes and ambitions. It was to be a stepping-stone only. And he'd stayed and stayed, grateful for respect and affection, until ambition—except in rare, dejected moments—did not seem to matter any more. Once he'd dreamed of being a famous surgeon—and the end of it was that a drunken shepherd came and asked him to operate on a sheepdog.

He fumbled for the buttons of his coat—his voice defensively angry.

"All right, all right. I'll do it for you. But I warn you, she's as likely to die as not."

"If 'er do, master, I'll not blame 'ee. Us'll have done our best."

"You'll have to help me. I'm not having anybody know about this. If you tell a damned soul, Whitton——"

"I shan't say nothing."

"There's not much to bother you. I'll give her a whiff and you can hold her. Just do exactly what I tell you."

He was white-coated now, not showing the strange exaltation he felt as he hunted out instruments that, for all the use they had ever been, might as well have been left to rust. He placed a couple of old, faded blankets on the table, covered them with a rubber sheet, adjusted the light meticulously.

"Get her up there, will you?"

The bitch leaped heavily again, following the movements of both men with eyes that were now plaintive and beseeching for explanation and comfort.

Whitton stroked her clumsily as the doctor fetched the chloroform. "There, little gel, there, there." He rolled her over gently, pink belly upwards.

"I BELIEVE she'll do," said the doctor as he washed his hands. "She'll have to take it easy for a while. I've a kennel empty at the back you can leave her in if you like, and you could fetch her next week."

Whitton shook his head. "I'll take her with me."

"You can't," said the doctor sharply. "She's not fit for that walk."

"She an't going to walk. I'll carry her."

The doctor's eyebrows shot up. "Carry her all that way? She'll get heavy."

"I'll be all right."

"As you like. We'll put her here on this rug for an hour, and you'd better go to the kitchen for something to eat before you start out. And mind—no drinking tonight."

"I didn't come to town to drink."

"All right. Remember what I said. This is between you and me. They'd be bringing me dolls to mend."

"I on't say a word." Whitton fished out a dirty cloth bag fastened at the neck with a brass ring. "How much, please?"

The doctor slipped into his coat. He smiled, a smile that all at once made him young again.

"Put your money away. Let's say I did it for love."

Whitton's eyes roamed the surgery awkwardly. "I be real grateful——" he said—"real grateful."

The doctor patted him on the shoulder. "That's all right. You let me know when the duck are about on the top again."

UP in the hills the winters are hard. Rarely a season passes without a storm, sometimes two or three. As long as they are over early things are not so bad, but late storms are a hard trial for man and beast.

On a market day about the middle of February the shepherd came down to town for one of his rare drinking bouts. Soon the lambing season would start and he would be busy day and night. He tramped down in the morning, Nell, as always, at his heels.

The day, which had been fine, turned dull and grey as the afternoon came on. Whitton appeared not to notice. He went from pub to pub, for they are open all day on market day, drinking silently, but steadily, rarely offering a drink, rarely accepting one. The sky grew heavier, like lead, like a dirty fleece. A wind rose, sweeping in from the north-east, whining meanly, cutting, drying everything. Men came into the bar shivering, collected their drinks and moved nearer the fire.

"Reckon us be going to have a storm," said an old farmer. "There'll be a fall of snow, that's certain sure, and if the wind holds in this quarter——"

He shrugged his shoulders, put his glass to his lips and threw back his head. His cronies, nearly all sheep farmers, drew down the corners of their mouths expressively.

"'Tis starting to snow now, I believe," said one.

The words roused Whitton from his stupor. He rose and walked to the window and stared out. In the air was a fine dust, as grey as the sky it fell from, almost imperceptible, patternless, swirling. He stayed staring, then collected his stick, nodded to Nell, drank up his beer and made for the door.

"Have a drink, shepherd?" said one of the men.

He shook his head. "Next time." The door shut on him.

"Damn!" said the man. "He've smelt snow. Us are for it. And a snorter, I bet. You chaps with sheep up on the hills got trouble coming to you."

All that night it snowed. Gently and without emphasis at first, then, as the wind rose, in larger, heavier flakes that drifted everywhere. For three days it snowed intermittently and then stopped, the sky clearing to a crystalline blueness. The streets of the town were white and, until the roadman got out his shovel, deep, and footsteps muffled. In the afternoon of that day a grizzled farmer on a mountain pony arrived at the doctor's door.

"Can you come up with me, doctor?" he asked. "Old Whitton, the shepherd, he'm lost. Never knowed a word till us went up to the hut to look for he. There wasn't a sign of the chap, and the door locked, and the young sheepdog near dead with hunger and fright. Got a search-party out, us have. The chap couldn't never have got home from town at all. Thought if you'd come with us, in case——"

The doctor paused, mentally reviewing his list of patients.

"All right," he said. "I'll come. I'll be ready in ten minutes. Go and ask if I can have the "Queen's Arms" pony. I'll meet you there."

THEY found Whitton in one of the deeper drifts. It was not hard to know which way he had gone. There was a gully he had to cross, a gully with edges of hard, slippery stone, and apparently he had fallen, for his leg was broken. He had crawled under a ledge of overhanging rock, and it was there they found him.

The men cleared the snow from the entrance to his rough shelter, and then stood in the clear, heatless afternoon sunlight and took off their hats. There was a calm look on Whitton's face; in death it had a remote dignity that had not been apparent in life.

The doctor, inside the rough semi-circle of silent men was on one knee. He turned to where Nell lay, nose on out-thrust forepaws, her upper lip a little drawn back as if, even dead, she would still guard her master.

The doctor fondled her stiff body kindly. "Poor old girl!" he said softly, and his hand ran reminiscently down her side until it found and held the long scar. "Poor old girl!"

He smiled understandingly.

They did not know whether to bury Whitton at church or chapel, for he had nothing to do with either, but in the end it was to the churchyard he was carried. A lot of people, drawn by what they considered his untoward death, attended the funeral; if they were not sorrowful they were solemn, and not entirely unmoved.

When they had gone the gravedigger and his assistant moved slowly to their task. Evening was falling; the distant hills stood out lined like steel against a frosty sky, and already the grass crisped underfoot. Most of the snow was gone, but under hedges and in unsunned hollows it lay in lines and pools giving a spurious, reflected light to what was left of the day.

Presently the parson, stiff-lipped and thin, came down the path from the church. He bade the men good-night distantly, and passed out through the gate.

The gravedigger watched him go with calculating eyes, and as soon as he was out of sight went to the back of the church and brought something back in a sack.

He grinned at his assistant, climbed down into the grave, and from the sack took a form which he laid on the shepherd's coffin.

"Whitton's dog," he said, as he clambered out. "Doctor asked me to do it on the quiet. Give me a few bob for each of us, too. Not but that I'd ha' done it for nothing. Funny chap, the doctor. Us mustn't say a word, mind. You see," he explained, "it wouldn't be thought decent to put a dumb animal to lie among Christians."

The sound of the falling earth as they shovelled it into the grave was softened by the sheepdog's body.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Keep Out — Brains Working

THE SPATE OF BRAINS TRUSTS and quizzes continues. Thousands are at it, from eminent scholars to Mrs. Smith of the Upper Lowdown Women's Institute.

It is about time all these Brains Trusters stopped thinking and started doing. They should get themselves organized. I can see them forming a powerful trade union.

I suggested the idea some time ago to a few leading Brains. At once they saw a chance to hold a Brains Trust on Brains Trusts. Questions were submitted by other Brains from various areas and, although proceedings were held behind locked and guarded doors, I imagine they went something like this.

★ ★ ★

"Well, we're—er—here to—er—to consider—er—and to answer if we—er—can (*laughter*) questions on the—er—formation of a National Union of Brains Trusters and Quizzers, or, as some—er—may prefer to—er—call it, NUBTAQ. Sounds like, *ha, ha!* one of those places, *ha, ha, ha!* we used to hear about in—er—North Africa, *ha, ha, ha! (Loud laughter.)*

"Now the first question is: 'Will you allow manual workers to join the union?' Now—anyone?"

"Well, it all depends what you mean by 'manual.' If by a manual worker you mean someone who works with his hands, you immediately come up against the fact that his hands must be directed by his brain."

"I don't agree with that. A man can work with his hands without using his brain. A chicken which suddenly has its head chopped off goes on running for an appreciable time."

"Well—er—I'm sure we are—er—all very much enlightened by this—er—discussion. The next question is: 'Will the union make a rule that only questions set by union members should be asked at quizzes?'"

★ ★ ★

"Well, that brings up the large question as to whether union members would, and should, only ask questions which they thought other union members would, or should, be able to answer, thus avoiding incorrect answers and consequent loss of prestige to the union."

"Well, I remember when I was in Mumbo Jumbo an old witch doctor used to go round asking people questions he knew they couldn't answer. When they didn't, they used to get boiled alive in a cauldron of *m'bloofoo*, or native beer."

"Well—er—I'm sure we're all—er—very much indebted to—er—and, as time is short, here is the—er—last question: 'What the devil is the union going to do, anyway?' Hrrrm! Ah—er—anyone?"

"Personally, I think it should try to prevent people with brains being exploited by those without brains."

Innocent women

The innocent victim of a sex assault finds that her ordeal does not end in court. She remains "the girl in That Case"; for people WILL talk. Yet a simple change in the law could protect her

by BRIAN MORAN

THIS IS A PLEA FOR INNOCENT WOMEN—the sufferers in those crimes labelled "unpleasant," which are still of all too frequent occurrence.

It is time that we switched off the spotlight of publicity from these cases and sought some way of affording the victims the decent cloak of anonymity.

Already the blackmailer's prey is privileged to remain unidentified in reports of court proceedings. Yet who shall say that these people, often embroiled in unsavoury business through their own indiscretions, are entitled to more privacy than clean-living girls who are the victims of chance encounters with maniacs and perverts?

Marriages have been wrecked, homes broken up, romances killed, careers brought to a standstill because of the unhappy publicity that results.

I have altered the names and circumstances in the cases dealt with in this plea. But you may remember the story of Margaret J—— as reported in the Press.

Margaret was a pleasant, attractive girl of eighteen in 1938. Today, at twenty-six, you would think she was forty. She lived in one of those quiet country towns where nothing much ever happens and every scrap of tittle-tattle may be built up into a major scandal.

Coming from a respectable artisan home, she was a regular churchgoer and limited her acquaintances to a small group of church members and other girls who worked in the same store.

One summer evening just after dusk, Margaret was walking alone in the fields that lay around her home town when she was attacked by a man who appeared from a hedge. She struggled desperately but was thrown to the ground.

Staggered into Police Station

The man made off into the darkness. Her clothes ripped to shreds, her hair all over her bruised face, weeping and nearly out of her mind, Margaret staggered into the local police station and told her story. The man was arrested.

The court proceedings dragged their tedious way before the local justices and thence to the assizes. There, restored to health after weeks in the town hospital, Margaret once again, under tremendous emotional strain, recounted the facts.

The man was sent to prison for three years, sympathy was expressed with the young woman, and smug satisfaction shown that justice had triumphed and the criminal had been brought to book.

Those who knew Margaret did everything possible to obliterate the memory of it all from her mind. But there were others who seemed lacking in the virtues of kindness and sympathy.

She soon became conscious that she was being furtively pointed out as the girl in That Case. The inevitable happened. Truth became overshadowed by fiction. It was hinted that the assault was not such a one-sided affair; nor was it the first occasion that she and the man had met.

I have checked up on what has happened to Margaret since. It is a simple, obvious story of a girl's whole future being destroyed because people are so prone to forget the hard facts of a case and too willing to absorb and remember the most lurid, even if false, details.

The people in Margaret's town showed their feelings in a variety of ways. Some affected not to know her and this group included several of the church workers with whom she had been associated.

Others, more spitefully, made indirect references in their conversation with her. Finally, because this was a small town where scandal can harm more than one person, it became obvious that the manager of the shop would very much like to dispense with her services.

Margaret, who had steadfastly tried to ignore the whispers and the looks, set about obtaining other employment. But wherever she went she was met with vague and bland excuses.

At last, she was beaten. She recognized that there was nothing she could do to defend her name.

Purgatory of Eight Years

She "disappeared." Today, she is a waitress in a back-street cafe in a big city. The misfortune of a few minutes became a purgatory of eight years, leaving her, as I say, with the looks of a woman of forty, embittered, unloved and unwanted.

Now this transformation has been brought about solely because the law has not worked out a means of protecting the names of those involved in this type of crime.

If your home is burgled, publicity won't harm you. If you are the victim of an intoxicated motorist's irresponsible driving, publicity won't harm you.

But in this sort of case, where publicity does hurt, the effects can be disastrous.

There is another woman who has suffered as much as Margaret; if possible she has suffered more.

She is Mrs. M—— and she is the wife—if only in name—of a man who served in the Forces for six years. She married this man in 1940, during those historic days when the fate of our civilization hung in the balance.

Shortly afterwards he was posted overseas and joined a unit in the Western Desert.

Mrs. M—— was a young woman with a joy in living. Her husband understood that and raised no objection to her going to local dances with a girl friend.

Nearly two years after he left England, she went one night to a dance at a nearby military camp. She and her friend spent the evening in the company of two soldiers. They danced a lot.

When the dance was over, the partners offered to take the two young women home. They consented. The men had behaved well. There was no reason to suspect that they would not continue to do so. But Mrs. M——'s way led through a dark deserted side-street, and there her escort attacked her.

At the subsequent trial, the man, in his defence, maintained that they had all been drinking heavily, and that she had been "leading him on."

Mrs. M——'s girl-friend and even the soldier's comrade both went into the witness box and denied this. The accused man was sent to prison for eighteen months and any suggestion that Mrs. M—— had "consented" was completely scotched.

On the advice of her friends and the family doctor, she decided not to tell her husband what had happened. She thought that it could only cause him acute anguish and that, anyway, the whole thing would soon blow over and be forgotten.

But in newspapers which reached Cpl. M——'s unit was one which carried an account of the case.

Despite the testimony of two witnesses, despite his wife's own words, his mind could only take in the assailant's version.

He wondered why his wife had chosen to ignore the whole business in her letters. He put what he thought was two and two together. And being obstinate, having made up his mind, nothing could shake him. He wrote a terrible letter to her.

When she answered, telling him the true story and backing it with statements from others, he still did not believe her.

And to this day he has not changed his mind. Unhappy himself, he has made the girl he married in 1940 so desperately miserable that she lives the life of a recluse in her parents' home.

Solution is Anonymity

That such irreparable harm should be done to innocent lives through what might almost be described as thoughtlessness in the high places of the law is out of keeping with the spirit of a happier Britain that the people are now striving for.

It seems a small point, maybe. But justice sometimes balances on a very thin edge. And it is in the humanizing of the smallest details that British law can continue to enhance the prestige that it has built up before the world.

What can be done? While the obvious solution is to extend to these unfortunate women and girls the anonymity already afforded in blackmail cases, this raises one difficult point. There is the possibility of abuses. Unscrupulous, malicious women could use this anonymity as a shield while bringing false charges against innocent men.

Therefore, if anonymity is to be given to the victim it must also be given to the accused until he is found guilty.

This, then, seems to be the solution: no names at all, until the case is concluded and a verdict of guilty returned; and thereafter continuing anonymity for the victim.

Free Speech

LESS SWEARING, PLEASE

IS IT NOT TIME that a campaign was launched against swearing? The habit has spread enormously during the war. I consider that the Services have been the main offenders, especially the R.A.F., with the Army a close second and the Navy a long way behind. Ninety-nine per cent of swearing is quite unnecessary and can be avoided.—L.A.C., R.A.F., c/o B.A.O.R. (Name and address enclosed.)

Gold Digging

WHY ON EARTH do women always wait till the very last moment before getting out money? Queues at railway booking offices are invariably held up by some woman fishing about in her handbag when she should have had her money ready.

I have been held up at stamp machines, cinema box offices, in self-service cafes and even at tote windows. I'm getting a bit tired of waiting while women plunge their hands into a morass of lipsticks, powder-cases, keys, hair-pins and combs in an effort to find money which they knew well in advance they would have to pay.—R. WILSON, Crescent Grove, London, S.W.4.

"Fishing about in her handbag"

Black Market Bread

SPANISH PEOPLE travelling from Gibraltar into Spain carry hundreds of white loaves every day. Very often the inside of the loaves has been taken out and filled with cigarettes. The hole is covered with wet bread crumbs, and after the loaf has been re-heated it is very difficult to detect anything suspicious.

It is ironic that this sort of thing should go on when there is a wheat shortage. Especially ironic that I have found it easier to buy English cigarettes in Spain than in Liverpool.—G. W. S., Mill Lane, Liverpool 15.

Dogs Learn—We Don't

THIRTY YEARS AGO when a motor car or a motor bicycle went along the road a stream of dogs followed, snapping and barking. There were casualties, of course.

Now you seldom see a dog chase a car. The present dog generation knows that cars are dangerous. What a pity the human race has not learned the same lesson.—B. G. F., Bromley, Kent.

Costly Living

MY HUSBAND WHO WAS a prisoner of the Japs this time last year, cannot get used to the prices of everyday things now he is back home. His rare shopping expeditions leave him incredulous and dismayed.

"Threepence for a box of matches," he almost accuses me. "Ninepence for watercress—it used to be twopence."

Living in London throughout the war, I and other housewives have been lulled into resignation by the subtle rise in prices. Only the indignation of someone who has "been out of it" for a long time can open our eyes to the gulf between prices today and in 1939.—MRS. M. ALLEN, Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

Met. "Gen" at Home

PITY THE POOR WINDOW-CLEANER these days. He now has to contend with expert meteorological knowledge among housewives. As often as not he is told: "Don't come this week—it's going to rain."—MISS RACHAEL BARRY, 20 Surrey Road, Barking, Essex.

Like the Professor

MY WIFE AND I went to hear a lecture on "How to Remember." We listened carefully. After we had got to bed that night we remembered it was "bin night," and I had to get up at one in the morning to put the refuse out. I did not think much of psychology then. —MALCOLM BLACK, 11 Moncrieff Terrace, Edinburgh.

House Vultures

THE READER who took the curtains down for washing, and was immediately besieged by would-be tenants who thought the place was empty, experienced only a minor manifestation of the housing shortage.

On returning to my estate agent's business after demobilization, I was shocked by the queues outside my office only an hour or two after the death of a tenant.

One afternoon I had a phone call from a neighbour to say that someone had just been taken to hospital. Then: "By the way, if anything does happen to Mrs. B——, which, of course, I hope it won't, may my daughter have the house?"

After six years abroad, I have not yet acclimatized myself to present-day sensibilities. Maybe I'll learn.—AUCTIONEER, Manchester 19. (Name and address enclosed.)

Holidays?—Pshaw!

THIS HOLIDAY FETISH fills me with ribald mirth. For well over six years, as a "temporary" civil servant, I have had no annual leave, have never been absent from the office for more than a day at a time, and have had no sick leave whatever. I was a Home Guard, Fire Guard and roof-spotter.

As I tell my friends, they need a holiday because they think they ought to have one. I love work for its own sake. —A. C. WILLIAMS, 73 Estcourt Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

Brush Up

THERE WAS GREAT REJOICING over the return of railway dining cars. Now how about a nice stiff brush over the third-class carriage seats? — D. W. LEWORTHY, Cole Green, Hertford, Herts.

"Sex at the Crossroads"

IN THE SUPPOSED INTERESTS of morality, the Rev. W. E. Purcell writes in JOHN BULL looking forward to a day when people will be "not shocked by strip-tease or entertained, but simply bored and puzzled." This is sheer priggishness.

God gave us sex, like food, to enjoy as well as to keep life going. Enjoyment of sex is far from limited to the sex-act. It includes the honest pleasure most healthy-minded people find in entertainments which exploit the beauty of feminine nudity, and in humour which is all the funnier for involving powerful human emotions.

Such enjoyment is neither "adolescent" nor "socially injurious." It has been shared by great artists and writers of all ages. It has been shown most openly at peak moments in the human progress-chart such as the Elizabethan era.

Sex-dangers spring from mystery and suppression. "Dirty-minded entertainment of the *Getting Gertie's Garter* variety" is not a menace, but a safety-valve.—L. TREVELYAN, Jordans, Bucks.

THE REV. W. E. PURCELL says that dirty joking means dirty morals. I have worked for years as a barmaid and have heard plenty of it from men of all sorts. I can assure him that bawdy joking seldom means any harm in a man.

Laughing off an emotion that is most dangerous when bottled up or taken too seriously is, perhaps, nature's way of getting rid of superfluous sex.—E. R., London, S.W.2. (Name and address enclosed.)

Nosey Parker Cure

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED a sharp lesson which will teach me to mind my own business. Calling at an inn in South Wales, I saw the landlord taking beer into a side room. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of some schoolboys drinking.

"Returned to investigate"

It seemed right to inform the local police constable. When we both returned to investigate, we found that the "schoolboys" were a party of midgets who had been entertaining troops in the district. They had gone into the side room to escape the stares of customers like me.—B. H., Somerset. (Name and address enclosed.)

Gambling Views

JOHN BULL'S recent article on gambling was one of the fairest I have read. I am not a gambler myself, but it always seems to me that the anti-gamblers overlook the fact that the number of people whose ruin is completely, or even partly, the result of gambling is really very small.

By far the majority of people who bet never do so beyond their means. They get amusement out of it, and I can't see that it does them any harm. Surely a man can do what he likes with his spare money without a lot of busybodies poking their noses in.—R. JOHNSTON, Inverness Terrace, London, W.2.

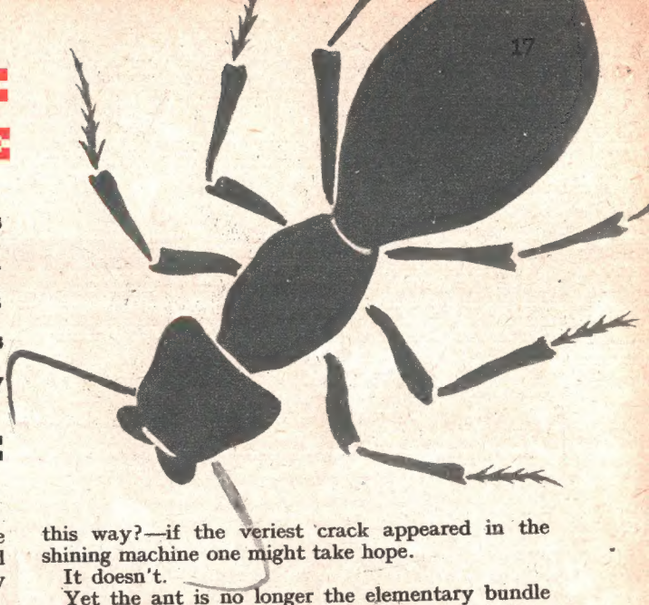
THOUGH I DO NOT know much about betting, I know enough to believe that it should be taxed like any other entertainment. Where is the difficulty? Why cannot gate money be raised at the racecourses?—MRS. H. REISMAN, 819a High Road, Finchley, London, N.12.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

EVEN ANTS WERE DEMOCRATS—ONCE

The ant heap has often been held up as an example of a perfectly planned State. It is—but a recently published book shows evils in the perfection which hold lessons for all the communities of the world today

by VINCENT BROME



SOMEWHERE IN A SUBTERRANEAN GARDEN as you read this an ant is carefully weeding his vegetable patch.

Not far away, in another part of the nest, a handful of nurses are busy feeding the young. The great queen ant—a thousand times larger than her brood—drowses in her giant cell. Every few hours a column of worker ants pours down the main highway in perfect formation, bent on foraging.

They will return like part of a pageant procession waving bits of leaf, and, between their coming and going, in one of the remote galleries of the great ant colony, an aged ant will have crawled into a corner and died.

That is a picture of one modern ant heap going about its everyday occasions.

It is an agricultural community. It lives like human beings, tilling the fields. It stores grain, keeps cattle, in the form of greenflies, has its pampered parasites, its racketeers, its neurotics and its vices, and at first glance it all looks deceptively human.

Then, somewhere beneath the surface, you suddenly catch a glimpse of something very different.

That ant weeding the garden has absolutely no choice in the matter.

The queen is anchored for life and forced to go on producing children.

Individual is Doomed

No ant would dare to break out of a foraging column, and the very occasional individualist who manages to overcome the terrifying force of his instincts and play the absentee is doomed, not to social disfavour or imprisonment, but to death in the wilderness.

The heap as a whole behaves like a closely interlocked machine, running smoothly and silently with an efficiency which overwhelms anything in its path.

The individual does not matter. The great racial bell is rung and everyone speeds about his duties whether they involve death and mutilation or the high ecstasy of the nuptial flight.

This is the ant heap at its worst. This is the final acme of the totalitarian State carried to a pitch unknown so far to man.

Yet here is the startling thing. *The ants were once democratic.*

Go back for a moment to the year 1849, to an earlier type of ant community known as the *Myrmicines*. That was not so very long ago, and yet the whole set-up of the *Myrmicines* was a very different affair.

The life of each individual ant had considerable importance, and each ant had something equivalent to "democratic rights."

The community was an "open structure." It did not believe in expansionist policies, had small, if any, designs on territory, and was quite prepared to give up food and land rather than start serious trouble with a neighbouring colony.

Resembled Democracy

These early *Myrmicines* closely resembled one type of human democracy. They set out to improve the relationship between the individual and a group of ants, not the individual and the State machine. They could think and move of their own accord.

All this and a great deal more is revealed in a new book, *Of Ants and Men,* just published by Allen and Unwin (12s. 6d.).

It is a remarkable book. It completely shatters the popular idea that the ants were always a race of automatons carrying out the will of the State with soulless efficiency. The ant is revealed as an infinitely varied insect which has undergone vast changes in brain and body since that day, thousands of years ago, when the first crude ant communities began to appear.

Caryl P. Haskins, the author, is no layman pulling the facts into better shape to match the human story. He is detached, objective.

As a Research Associate of Harvard University, Research Associate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a Doctor of Philosophy, he brings to bear all the cool accuracy of the academic mind on material which is intensely human.

For here is our own history in miniature. The early ant democracies were the equivalent of the British village State.

The rapid expansion of the Huns and Tartars had its counterpart in the ant world. The Huns and Tartars eventually lost all they had gained. So did the ants.

Totalitarian Efficiency

Gradually the demands of society on the individual increased in the ant world. They have increased and are increasing in ours.

But the ants are several steps ahead of us today. That, anyway, is one conclusion, fatally easy to draw. Certainly they have reached a pitch of totalitarian efficiency which should sound the alarm in the mind of anyone who stops to think—and you don't even need to stop and think.

Here is one simple measure of the whole thing. If you comb this type of ant heap for some sign of leisure, for some hint of spaciousness or relaxation, you will find none.

If you looked for a street-corner ant, for an idling ant, for an ant which lies on its back in the sun, clasps its antennæ behind its head and dozes, you would look in vain.

If just one ant among the toiling millions stood aside now and then and wondered, how did we get this way?—if the veriest crack appeared in the shining machine one might take hope.

It doesn't.

Yet the ant is no longer the elementary bundle of instincts it was back in those early days thousands of years ago. It has developed many new and quite remarkable faculties.

The brain, originally divided into many parts, has now in some species joined up, and the intelligence of the ant has increased. Remarkable relationships now appear which make it possible for one ant to pick out another among 100,000 inhabitants, when the armour-plated sides, the mandibles and the hairs make it look exactly like all the rest.

There are totally different types of ant which yet tolerate one another and share the same nests. There are ants which keep another breed of their own kind as slaves. There are ants which appear to have some crude form of sound-language.

But over and above all this, dominating the whole ant world are the great fascist or totalitarian States where everyone is inseparably linked to the queen ant as to the fuehrer.

And running through the whole heap, with its thousands of workers, soldiers, gardeners and sometimes engineers, there is a hive consciousness which will set one ant heap upon another to fight until one of them is exterminated, or bring the whole hive to sudden attention, thousands strong, and in response to a single command.

Glimmer of Hope

This is the ant community which has swept across continents and oceans, replacing earlier breeds of its own kind in large parts of the world.

At the other extreme there remains a glimmer of hope. It is, in fact, more than a glimmer.

In certain parts of the world an ant known by the intimidating title *Solenopsis Molesta* still thrives, and it thrives in a remarkable way.

It builds a minute house of its own with thread-like galleries which it alone can traverse. It communicates with a State-community, but remains individual, lives a life of its own.

Great things hang upon *Solenopsis Molesta*. Here is an ant with a tremendously important message for us. Here is an ant which can, against the will of any hive, suddenly smell the scent of spring and wander off for a day's dallying, without paying the penalty of death or, for that matter, any penalty.

This complete freedom is no longer possible in a complex social machine like ours.

Planning has a vital place in the human world today. Without planning there would be chaos. But at any cost we must not plan the individual out of existence.

Nor can we afford to encroach too far on that borderland between the great, thrusting road of national purpose and outer chaos where an individual can still slip away and count the stars and order his own leisure and his own thoughts in the pattern he finds most pleasing.

The ants were overtaken by their own machine. The colour went out of their lives. There is no need for it to go out of ours. But this book is a warning.

One, two, three more weeks and all the seats on *John Bull's* long Holiday Prize train will be filled. But there is still time for you to enter a neat *Bullet* that will win you a big cheque and Free Week's Holiday for Two.

This week's *Examples* and your Holiday Prize Coupon await you on this page. Get to work promptly and a few simple words may well send you and a companion to the sea as *John Bull's* guests, with your pockets full of *Bullets* cash!

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,534

FIRST PRIZE, £500 and Holiday:

A. KIRBY, 25 Stirling Street, Poulton, Wallasey:

When Nobody Wants—Another's Land, Another World!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: S. F. Riches, 47 Tattersall Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea: **Half-way To Heaven—Half Promised Half House!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: J. Speakman, 2 Priory St., Warrington: **Sick And Tired—World—*Fearing* "New Energy."**

£10 AND HOLIDAY WINNERS: G. Beet, 40 Rolleston Ave., Maltby, near Rotherham: **Looking After Baby—Sonny—Baby's On Handle-bars!** P. Connolly, Hillside, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield: **Tempting Another—"Paperhanger," "Wall" Between Allies.** Mrs. E. W. Davie, 37 Henrys Ave., Woodford Green: **Dad's Dog—Almost Human—Almost Dog!** W. D. Evans, 13 Church St., Treherbert: **Man To Man—Eye To Eye—Peace!** Mrs. C. Foreman, 15 Aldwyn Gardens, Consett: **Uncle Sam—Friendly Today—Yesterday, *Friend*.** R. Hadfield, Derby Terrace, Buxton Road, Chinley, via Stockport: **Down In The Stalls—Auntie's Feather "Tickled" Gallery!** L. Hornby, 33 Craig St., Ardwick, Manchester: **Man To Man—To Man, Whitehall's Buck!** W. S. Howe, 179 Fairmile Road, Christchurch: **Tempting Murderers—If UNO "Lifeless Body."** H. Ladlow, 32 Beech Avenue, Newark: **To Crown Everything—Band Played "Stormy Weather"!** H. H. Lane, 60 Avondale Road, Ashford: **Double-dyed Villain—Sold Me Dud Coupons!**

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 New Prizes have been posted to winners.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES AND SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prizes for 1,563 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Prizes of £10; 50 of £1; 1,500 new prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

THE WORLD'S FUTURE
THANKS TO BEVIN
SHOWS WISDOM
TO FEED OUR FAMILY
HOLLOW VICTORY
POOR MAN
TAXPAYER'S HOLIDAY
"SOLD OUT!"
NOW BREAD'S RATIONED
SICKENING
REASON PREVAILED AND
WHAT MONEY CAN'T BUY
ALMOST INVISIBLE
I LIKE THE SEA, BUT
UPSET GRANDPA

SOUR GRAPES
OUR GREENGROCER
KNOWS HIS STUFF
STORMY WEATHER
GAVE THE GAME AWAY

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

SAVED ..... BACON
MADE IN.....
SOMETHING TO .....
NOW HE'S.....
BENEATH.....
WHATEVER THE .....

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"BULLETS" 1,538 (or XWORD 490); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

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RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated August 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 486 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Rage. 3, Rim. 6, Roan. 7, Crocks. 12, Coiner. 14, Roll. 15, Worry. DOWN: 1, Lace. 4, Marsh. 5, Price. 8, Wing. 9, Topic. 10, Crab. 11, Fever. 13, Fool.

FIVE competitors submitted set of Answers differing at one point only from set of Answers above and share £100: Mrs. M. Branch, Great Yarmouth; Miss E. M. Day, Gosport; Cpl. G. E. Johnson, Uxbridge; Pte. Powell, Hemel Hempstead; Capt. T. Wilkie, Stewarton.

Runners-up Award of £25 cash shared between 25 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain Pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up.

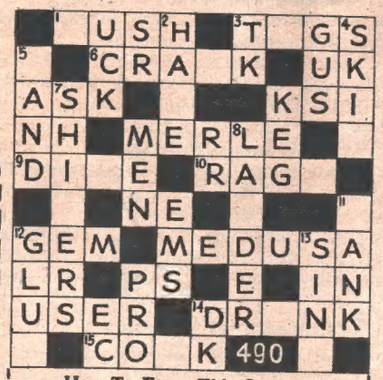
Post your Square below by Monday, July 22.

Across Clues.

1. One seems to follow explosion
3. When you're on the rocks, you'll welcome even old ones
6. Specialisation is one way of becoming one
9. Rarely seen except in low places
10. Can often prove a safety valve
14. Magistrate sometimes has something to say about
15. Mrs. Newlywed may blunder in trying to draw one

Down Clues.

2. This is a catch
4. Can turn out to be a very serious matter indeed
5. Should effectively prevent things from slipping
7. Many an old-fashioned father would give his children these
8. It can be very awkward when one fails you
11. Has sometimes given useful cover
12. Solution of this can be pretty sticky
13. How pleasant to do this in luxurious hot bath



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

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Boarding-house Rent

"BEFORE THE WAR I let a boarding house at the seaside for £6 a month. The house is always full and the tenant is taking between £30 and £60 a week from boarders. Can the place be regarded as business premises and exempt from rent restrictions?"

✓ If the tenant actually lives on the premises they would not be regarded as business premises. Apart from adding any increase in rates, you would be unable to raise the rent.

Refund of Tax

"AM I ENTITLED to a refund in respect of income tax for the year 1944-45 as I was married on March 22, 1945?"

✓ You will be entitled to a repayment of tax for that year unless there are any arrears of tax for earlier years to be taken into account. There has been considerable delay in making repayments for 1944-45, but you should hear about it very shortly.

Injured at School

"WHEN MY SON was at school he was deliberately tripped up by another boy and fractured his elbow as well as sustaining an internal injury. He was operated on at the hospital, and has had to attend there three times a week ever since. The bus fares alone cost me 4s. 9d. a week. Can I do anything about it?"

✓ I am afraid you would gain nothing by taking court action against the boy who did the damage—unless, of course, he has financial means of his own. The parents would not be held responsible since he was not under their control when the accident happened.

Money in Chancery

"THERE IS MONEY in Chancery for my family, I believe. Where can I get details of such funds?"

✓ A list of dormant funds was published in the supplement to the London Gazette, dated March 9, 1938. It can be obtained from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2., price 2s. This and earlier lists may be inspected free of charge at the Royal Courts of Justice, in the Strand, London.

Broken Engagement

"DURING THE WAR I became engaged to a girl, but now I have changed my mind about her. I have written four letters asking her to release me from the engagement, but have had no reply. I now wish to become engaged to another girl. Can my former fiancée sue me for breach of promise?"

✓ Your former fiancée's failure to reply to your letters might be taken as her acceptance of the situation, and it is probable that you are worrying unnecessarily. If you are over twenty-one she could sue you for breach of promise, but she would have to prove that she has incurred expenses in preparation for marriage, and will suffer monetary loss as a result of the breach of contract.

Regarded as Bonus

"FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS I was an ambulance driver and, on resigning last December, the Management Committee granted me £100 as a reward for my services. However, the Income Tax authorities took £36 of it. Can I claim that this honorarium should be spread over the twenty-seven years? The Inspector of Taxes says no, but I should like an independent decision."

✓ The Inspector's decision is in accordance with the law. The lump sum granted to you is regarded as a bonus, and is assessable as income for the year in which it was paid to you.

War Damage Advance

"SOME PROPERTY, which was my principal source of income, was bombed. The claim for compensation has been passed for payment by the District Surveyor, but I cannot get a settlement from the War Damage Commission. What can I do?"

✓ War Damage payments will not normally be made until a date to be announced by the Treasury, but, if you can show that you are in need, you may apply for an advance payment to the local Customs and Excise Office. If this is granted you will have to sacrifice the interest which would otherwise be payable.

Using Another Name

"ACCORDING TO MY BIRTH certificate my baptismal name is Mary, but the foster-parents who adopted me always called me Edith, and that is the name appearing on my identity card and bank book. Will this cause trouble when I have to show my birth certificate? Am I allowed to call myself by both names?"

✓ If you are generally known by another name you can use that name without formality. You are at liberty to call yourself Mary Edith or Edith Mary as you wish. If any confusion should arise at any time you could see a solicitor and swear a Statutory Declaration that both names represent one and the same person.

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2 ARCHER GIBBS! "Be off, Dragon Decay! John *did* use Gibbs. You can't get at *his* Ivory Castles. Gibbs twice-a-day cleans away dirty food deposits—guards against decay!"

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